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EULOGY

ON

LAFAYETTE,

DELIVERED IN FANEUIL HALL,

AT THE REQUEST OF THE YOUNG MEN OF BOSTON,

SEPTEMBER 6, 1834.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

BOSTON:
NATHAN HALE.....14 WATER STREET.
1834.

B

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BOSTON, SEPT. 6, 1834.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT:

SIR,—The subscribers are directed by the Young Men's Committee of Arrangements for rendering Honors to the Memory of LAFAYETTE, to present you the thanks of the Committee and their constituents, for the eloquent Eulogy you have this day pronounced, in their behalf, on the virtues of the truly great man whose decease they have commemorated, and to request you to furnish them a copy for the Press.

Permit us, Sir, to offer you individually, the assurance of our high respect, and in the name of the Young Men of Boston, to subscribe ourselves your obedient servants,

L. M. WALTER,
E. G. AUSTIN,
BENJAMIN F. HALLETT,
JOHN CODMAN,
ISAAC McLELLAN, JR.

NOTE.—In preparing the following Eulogy for the press, some topics have been introduced and others treated more at length, which, on the delivery, were either wholly omitted or briefly alluded to. To avoid the necessity of frequent marginal references, I would observe, that the account of Lafayette's first visit to America is chiefly taken from a very interesting article, on that subject, communicated by Mr. Sparks to the Boston Daily Advertiser of 26th June 1834, from his edition of Washington's Works, now in the press. Among the other authorities which I have consulted, are the well known work of Sarrans, the Memoirs of Lafayette and the Constitutional Assembly by Regnault-Warin, Montgaillard's History of France from the close of the reign of Louis XVI. to the year 1825, and Mr. Ticknor's beautiful Sketch of the Life of Lafayette, originally published in the North American Review. But I owe a more particular acknowledgment to Mr. Sparks, who not only furnished me with the sheets of those parts of the unpublished volumes of Washington's Works, which throw light on the military services of Lafayette in the war of the American Revolution, but placed in my hands a great mass of original papers of the highest interest and value, relating to the career of Lafayette, and furnished to Mr. Sparks by the General himself, from his own collections and the public offices at Paris. These papers contain the Correspondence of Lafayette with Washington, from the year 1778 to his death; his Correspondence and Notes of his conferences with the Count de Vergennes and other French ministers; his Correspondence with his family and friends from America and from his prisons in Germany; Notes and Commentaries on the most important incidents of his life; his Correspondence with the Governor of Virginia and officers of the Army, especially during the campaign of 1781, and miscellaneous papers bearing on the main subject. They form altogether ample materials for a History of the Life and Services of Lafayette; a work which no one is so well qualified as Mr. Sparks to execute, and which it is greatly to be wished he might be induced to undertake.

EULOGY.

WHEN I look round upon this vast audience,—when I reflect upon the deep interest manifested by so many intelligent persons in the occasion, which has called us together,—when I consider the variety, the importance, and singularity of the events, which must pass in review before us, and the extraordinary character of the man whom we commemorate,—his connection with Europe and America, in the most critical periods of their history,—his intercourse in both hemispheres with the master spirits of the age, —his auspicious, long protracted, and glorious career, alternating with fearful rapidity from one extreme of fortune to the other,—and when I feel that I am expected, by the great multitude I have the honor to address,—-the flower of this metropolis,—to say something not inappropriate to such an occasion nor wholly beneath the theme, I am oppressed with the weight of the duty I am to perform. I know not how, in the brief space allotted to me, to take up

and dispose of a subject so vast and comprehensive. I feel it to be an arduous, I had almost said a presumptuous effort, to attempt to dismiss, in a few sentences, the interest of a mighty career of usefulness,—the riches of a long life,—and the glory of a great and a pure name. I would even now, were it possible, retire from the undertaking; and leave to your own hearts, borne upwards with the swelling strains of yonder choir,—whose pious and plaintive melody is just dying on the ear,—to muse, in expressive silence, the praise of him we celebrate. But since this may not be,—since the duty devolved upon me must, however feebly, be discharged,—let me, like the illustrious subject of our contemplation, gather strength from the magnitude of the task. Let me calmly trace him through those lofty and perilous paths of duty, which he trod with serenity, while empires were toppling round him;—and, trampling under foot the arts of the rhetorician, as he trampled under foot all the bribes of vanity, avarice, and ambition, and all the delights of life, let me, in the plainness of history and the boldness of truth, not wholly uncongenial to the character of the man I would reproduce to your admiration and love,—discharge as I may, the great duty, which your favor has assigned to me.

There is, at every great era of the history of the world, a Leading Principle, which gives direction to the fortunes of nations and the characters of distinguished men. This principle, in our own time, is that of the action and reaction upon each other of

Europe and America, for the advancement of free institutions and the promotion of rational liberty. Since the discovery of America, this principle has been in operation, but naturally and necessarily with vastly increased energy, since the growth of an intelligent population, this side the water. For the formation of a man of truly great character, it is necessary that he should be endowed with qualities to win respect and love;—that he should be placed in circumstances, favorable to a powerful action on society;—and then, that with a pure affection, a strong, disinterested, glowing zeal,—a holy ambition of philanthropy,—he should devote himself to the governing principle of the age. Such a combination, humanly speaking, produces the nearest approach to perfection which the sphere of man admits. Of such characters the American Revolution was more than commonly fertile, for it was the very crisis of that action and reaction, which is the vocation of the age. Such a character was Washington; such was Lafayette.

Lafayette was born at Chavaniac, in the ancient province of Auvergne, in France, on the sixth day of September 1757, seventy-seven years ago this day. His family was one of the most ancient in the country, and of the highest rank in the French nobility. As far back as the fifteenth century one of his ancestors, a marshal of France, was distinguished for his military achievements;—his uncle fell in the wars of Italy in the middle of the last century;—and his father lost his life in the seven years' war, at the battle of Min-

den. His mother died soon after, and he was thus left an orphan, at an early age, the heir of an immense estate, and exposed to all the dangers incident to youth, rank, and fortune, in the gayest and most luxurious city on earth, at the period of its greatest corruption. He escaped unhurt. Having completed the usual academical course, at the College of Duplessis in Paris, he married, at the age of sixteen, the daughter of the Duke d' Ayen, of the family of Noailles,—somewhat younger than himself;—and at all times the noble encourager of his virtues,—the heroic partner of his sufferings,—the worthy sharer of his great name and of his honorable grave.

The family to which he thus became allied was then, and for fifty years had been, in the highest favor at the French court. Himself the youthful heir of one of the oldest and richest houses in France, the path of advancement was open before him. He was offered a brilliant place in the royal household. At an age and in a situation most likely to be caught by the attraction, he declined the proffered distinction, impatient of the attendance at court which it required. He felt, from his earliest years, that he was not born to loiter in an ante-chamber. The sentiment of liberty was already awakened in his bosom. Having, while yet at college, been required, as an exercise in composition, to describe the well trained charger, obedient even to the shadow of the whip; he represented the noble animal, on the contrary, as rearing at the sight of it, and throwing his rider. With this feeling, the profession of arms was, of course,

the most congenial to him; and was, in fact, with the exception of that of courtier, the only one open to a young French nobleman, before the Revolution.

In the summer of 1776, and just after the American Declaration of Independence, Lafayette was stationed at Metz, a garrisoned town on the road from Paris to the German frontier, with the regiment to which he was attached, as a captain of dragoons, not then nineteen years of age. The Duke of Gloucester, the brother of the King of England, happened to be on a visit to Metz, and a dinner was given to him, by the commandant of the garrison. Lafayette was invited, with other officers, to the entertainment. Despatches had just been received by the Duke from England, relating to American affairs,—the resistance of the colonists, and the strong measures adopted by the ministers to crush the rebellion. Among the details stated by the Duke of Gloucester was the extraordinary fact, that these remote, scattered, and unprotected settlers of the wilderness *had solemnly declared themselves an Independent People.* That word decided the fortunes of the enthusiastic listener; and not more distinctly was the great Declaration a charter of political liberty to the rising states, than it was a commission to their youthful champion to devote his life to the sacred cause.

The details which he heard were new to him. The American contest was known to him before, but as a rebellion,—a tumultuary affair in a remote transatlantic colony. He now, with a promptness of per-

ception, which even at this distance of time, strikes us as little less than miraculous, addressed a multitude of enquiries to the Duke of Gloucester on the subject of the contest. His imagination was kindled at the idea of a civilized people struggling for political liberty. His heart was warmed with the possibility of drawing his sword in a good cause. Before he left the table, his course was mentally resolved on ; and the brother of the King of England, (unconsciously no doubt), had the singular fortune to enlist, from the French court and the French army, this gallant and fortunate champion in the then unpromising cause of the Colonial Congress.

He immediately repaired to Paris, to make further enquiries and arrangements, toward the execution of his great plan. He confided it to two young friends, officers like himself, the Count Segur and Viscount de Noailles, and proposed to them to join him. They shared his enthusiasm and determined to accompany him, but on consulting their families, they were refused permission. But they faithfully kept Lafayette's secret. Happily, shall I say, he was an orphan,—independent of control, and master of his own fortune, amounting to near forty thousand dollars per annum.

He next opened his heart to the Count de Broglie, a marshal in the French army. To the experienced warrior, accustomed to the regular campaigns of European service, the project seemed rash and quixotic, and one that he could not countenance. Lafayette begged the Count at least not to betray him ;—as he

was resolved, (notwithstanding his disapproval of the project,) to go to America. This the Count promised, adding, however, 'I saw your uncle fall in Italy, and I witnessed your father's death, at the battle of Minden, and I will not be accessary to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family.' He then used all the powers of argument which his age and experience suggested to him, to dissuade Lafayette from the enterprise, but in vain. Finding his determination unalterable, he made him acquainted with the Baron de Kalb, who,—the Count knew,—was about to embark for America;—an officer of experience and merit, who, as is well known, fell at the battle of Camden.

The Baron de Kalb introduced Lafayette to Silas Deane, then agent of the United States in France, who explained to him the state of affairs in America, and encouraged him in his project. Deane was but imperfectly acquainted with the French language, and of manners somewhat repulsive. A less enthusiastic temper than that of Lafayette might have been somewhat chilled, by the style of his intercourse. He had as yet not been acknowledged, in any public capacity; and was beset by the spies of the British ambassador. For these reasons, it was judged expedient, that the visit of Lafayette should not be repeated, and their further negotiations were conducted through the intervention of Mr. Carmichael, an American gentleman, at that time in Paris. The arrangement was at length concluded, in virtue of which Deane took upon himself, without authority,

but by a happy exercise of discretion, to engage Lafayette to enter the American service, with the rank of Major General. A vessel was about to be despatched with arms and other supplies for the American army, and in this vessel it was settled that he should take passage.

At this juncture, the news reached France of the evacuation of New-York, the loss of Fort Washington, the calamitous retreat through New-Jersey, and the other disasters of the campaign of 1776. The friends of America in France were in despair. The tidings, bad in themselves, were greatly exaggerated in the British gazettes. The plan of sending an armed vessel with munitions, was abandoned. The cause, always doubtful, was now pronounced desperate ; and Lafayette was urged by all who were privy to his project, to give up an enterprise so wild and hopeless. Even our commissioners (for Deane had been joined by Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee,) told him they could not in conscience urge him to proceed. His answer was, 'My zeal and love of liberty have perhaps hitherto been the prevailing motive with me, but now I see a chance of usefulness which I had not anticipated. These supplies I know are greatly wanted by Congress. I have money ; I will purchase a vessel to convey them to America, and in this vessel my companions and myself will take passage.'

Yes, Fellow-citizens, that I may repeat an exclamation, uttered ten years ago by him who has now the honor to address you, in the presence of an immense multitude, who welcomed 'the Nation's

Guest' to the academic shades of Harvard, and by them received with acclamations of approval and tears of gratitude ;—when he was told by our commissioners,—'that they did not possess the means nor the credit of procuring a single vessel in all the ports of France, then, exclaimed the gallant and generous youth, 'I will provide my own ;' and it is a literal fact, that when our beloved country was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, and of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle.

In pursuance of the generous purpose thus conceived, the secretary of the Count de Broglie was employed by Lafayette, to purchase and fit out a vessel at Bordeaux ; and while these preparations were in train, with a view of averting suspicion from his movements, and passing the tedious interval of delay, he made a visit with a relative, to his kinsman, the Marquis de Noailles, then the French ambassador in London. During their stay in Great Britain, they were treated with kindness by the King and persons of rank ; but having, after a lapse of three weeks, learned that his vessel was ready at Bordeaux, Lafayette suddenly returned to France. This visit was of service to the youthful adventurer, in furnishing him an opportunity to improve himself in the English language ; but beyond this, a nice sense of honor forbade him from making use of the opportunity, which it afforded, for obtaining military information, that could be of utility to the American army. So far

did he carry this scruple, that he declined visiting the naval establishment at Portsmouth.

On his return to France, he did not even visit Paris;—but after three days passed at Passy, the residence of Dr. Franklin, he hastened to Bordeaux. Arrived at this place, he found that his vessel was not yet ready; and had the still greater mortification to learn, that the spies of the British ambassador had penetrated his designs, and made them known to the family of Lafayette, and to the King, from whom an order for his arrest was daily expected. Unprepared as his ship was, he instantly sailed in her to Passage, the nearest port in Spain, where he proposed to wait for the vessel's papers. Scarcely had he arrived in that harbor, when he was encountered by two officers, with letters from his family, and from the ministers, and a royal order directing him to join his father-in-law at Marseilles. The letters from the ministers, reprimanded him for violating his oath of allegiance, and failing in his duty to his King. Lafayette, in some of his letters to his friends about court, replied to this remark, that the ministers might chide him with failing in his duty to the King when they learned to discharge theirs to the people. His family censured him for his desertion of his domestic duties;—but his heroic wife, instead of joining in the reproach, shared his enthusiasm and encouraged his enterprise. He was obliged to return with the officers to Bordeaux, and report himself to the commandant. While there, and engaged in communicating with his family and the Court, in explanation

and defence of his conduct, he learned from a friend at Paris, that a positive prohibition of his departure might be expected from the King. No farther time was to be lost, and no middle course pursued. He feigned a willingness to yield to the wishes of his family, and started as for Marseilles, with one of the officers who was to accompany him to America. Scarcely had they left the city of Bordeaux, when he assumed the dress of a courier, mounted a horse, and rode forward to procure relays. They soon quitted the road to Marseilles, and struck into that which leads to Spain. On reaching Bayonne, they were detained two or three hours. While the companion of Lafayette was employed in some important commission in the city, he himself lay on the straw in the stable. At St. Jean de Luz, he was recognized by the daughter of the person who kept the post house ;—she had observed him a few days before, as he passed from Spain to Bordeaux. Perceiving that he was discovered, and not daring to speak to her, he made her a signal to keep silence. She complied with the intimation ; and when, shortly after he had passed on, his pursuers came up, she gave them an answer, which baffled their penetration, and enabled Lafayette to escape into Spain. He was instantly on board his ship and at sea, with eleven officers in his train.

It would take me beyond the limits of the occasion, to repeat the various casualties and exposures of his passage, which lasted sixty days. His vessel had cleared out for the West Indies, but Lafayette directed

the Captain to steer for the United States, which, especially as he had a large pecuniary adventure of his own on board, he declined doing. By threats to remove him from his command and promises to indemnify him for the loss of his property, should they be captured, Lafayette prevailed upon the Captain to steer his course for the American coast, where at last they happily arrived, having narrowly escaped two British vessels of war, which were cruising in that quarter. They made the coast near Georgetown, South Carolina. It was late in the day before they could approach so near land as to leave the vessel. Anxious to tread the American soil, Lafayette, with some of his fellow officers, entered the ship's boat and was rowed at nightfall to shore. A distant light guided them in their landing and advance into the country. Arriving near the house from which the light proceeded, an alarm was given by the watch-dogs, and they were mistaken by those within for a marauding party, from the enemy's vessels hovering on the coast. The Baron de Kalb, however, had a good knowledge of the English language, acquired on a previous visit to America, and was soon able to make known who they were and what was their errand. On this they were of course readily admitted and cordially welcomed. The house, in which they found themselves, was that of Major Huger, a citizen of worth, hospitality, and patriotism, by whom every good office was performed to the adventurous strangers. He provided the next day the means of conveying Lafayette and his companions to Charles-

ton, where they were received with enthusiasm by the magistrates and the people.

As soon as possible, they proceeded by land to Philadelphia. On his arrival there, with the eagerness of a youth anxious to be employed upon his errand, he sent his letters to our townsman, Mr. Lovell, chairman of the committee of foreign relations. He called the next day at the hall of Congress, and asked to see this gentleman. Mr. Lovell came out to him,—stated that so many foreigners offered themselves for employment, in the American army, that Congress was greatly embarrassed to find them commands,—that the finances of the country required the most rigid economy; and that he feared, in the present case, there was little hope of success. Lafayette perceived that the worthy chairman had made up his report, without looking at the papers;—he explained to him that his application, if granted, would lay no burden upon the finances of Congress, and addressed a letter to the President, in which he expressed a wish to enter the American army, on the condition of serving without pay or emolument, and on the footing of a volunteer. These conditions removed the chief obstacles alluded to, in reference to the appointment of foreign officers;—the letters brought by Lafayette made known to Congress his high connections and his large means of usefulness, and without an hour's delay he received from them a commission of Major General in the American army, a month before he was twenty years of age.

A month before he is twenty years of age, he is

thought worthy by that august body, the Revolutionary Congress, to be placed in the highest rank of those, to whom the conduct of their arms was entrusted in this hour of their extremest peril. What a commencement of life! None of the golden hours of youth wasted on its worthless but tempting vanities; —none of those precious opportunities are lost for him, which, once lost, neither gold, nor tears, nor blood can buy back, and which for the mass of men, are lost, irretrievably and forever! None of the joyous days of youthful vigor exhausted even in the praiseworthy but cheerless vigils, with which, in the present artificial state of society, it is too often the lot of advancing merit to work its way toilsomely up the steeps of usefulness and fame!—It pleased a gracious Providence, in disposing the strange and various agency, by which the American Independence was to be established, to place in the company of its defenders,—a youthful champion, from the highest circle of the gayest court of Europe. By the side of Washington from his broad plantations,—of Greene from his forge,—of Stark from his almost pathless forests and granite hills,—of Putnam from his humble farm, there is a place, at the war council of the Revolution, for a young nobleman from France. He is raised at once above the feverish appetite for advancement,—the pest of affairs,—for he is born to the highest station society can bestow. He comes from the bosom of the domestic endearments, with which he has surrounded himself, before any of the accursed poisons of pleasure have been poured into

his heart; and youth as he is, he brings the chaste and manly virtues of the husband and the father to the virtuous cause, which he has embraced. The possessor of an immense estate, he is beyond the reach of mercenary motives; and is enabled even to confer favors on the Congress whose confidence he receives.

But though his enterprise is one, which requires for its very conception a rare enthusiasm;—although, considering his position at home, he must be all but a madman to persevere in such an adventure; yet the nature of the cause to which he consecrates himself, and of the duties which he undertakes to perform, implies a gravity of character, and sound judgment belonging to mature years and long experience; and that gravity and good judgment, young and inexperienced as he is, he possesses in an eminent degree. To succeed in the undertaking, he seems to need qualities of character not merely different from those, which alone could prompt him to embark in it; but he must have the opposite and contradictory qualities. He must be cool, prudent, and considerate, at the very moment that he enters a career, from which every cool, prudent, and considerate man would have dissuaded him;—and arduous as it is, he enters it without preparation or training.

But let him enter it, the noble and fortunate youth; let him enter it, without preparation or training! Great as the work is, and completely as he is to succeed in it, it is itself but a work of preparation. This is not yet the province of duty assigned him. He comes without training, for this is the school, in

which he is to be trained. He comes unprepared, because he comes to a great Preparation of Liberty. Destined, when, with full success and spotless honor, he shall have gone through the American Revolution, to take the lead in a mighty work of political reform in his native land,—he comes, in his youth, to the great monitorial school of Freedom;—to imbibe its holy doctrines from an authentic source, before his heart is hardened and his mind perverted; to catch its pure spirit,—living and uncorrupted,—from the lips of a pure Master.

Before that master he is yet to appear. The youthful adventurer has a test of character at hand more severe, than any to which he has yet been subjected. He has stood from his youth before princes and kings, and felt that his clay was as good as theirs. But he has yet to stand before that face, where, more than ever yet in the face of mere man, the awful majesty of virtue abode in visible personation: the serene but melancholy countenance, which no smile of light-hearted gladness illuminated, from the commencement to the close of his country's struggle. Washington was at head-quarters when Lafayette reached Philadelphia, but he was daily expected in the city. The introduction of the youthful stranger to the man, on whom his career depended, was therefore delayed a few days. It took place in a manner peculiarly marked with the circumspection of Washington, at a dinner party, where Lafayette was one among several guests of consideration. Washington was not uninformed of the circumstan-

ces connected with his arrival in the country. He knew what benefits it promised the cause, if his character and talents were adapted to the course he had so boldly struck out; and he knew also how much it was to be feared, that the very qualities, which had prompted him to embark in it, would make him a useless and even a dangerous auxiliary. We may well suppose, that the piercing eye of the father of his country was not idle during the repast. But that searching glance, before which pretence or fraud never stood undetected, was completely satisfied. When they were about to separate, Washington took Lafayette aside,—spoke to him with kindness,—paid a just tribute to the noble spirit which he had shown, and the sacrifices he had made in the American cause; invited him to make the head-quarters of the army his home, and to regard himself, at all times, as one of the family of the Commander-in-chief.

Such was the reception given to Lafayette, by the most sagacious and observant of men; and the personal acquaintance, thus commenced, ripened into an intimacy, a confidence, and an affection without bounds, and never for one moment interrupted. If there lived a man whom Washington loved, it was Lafayette. The proofs of this are not wanted by those who have read the history of the Revolution,—but the private correspondence of these two great men, hitherto unpublished, discloses the full extent of the mutual regard and affection which united them. It not only shews that Washington entertain-

ed the highest opinion of the military talent, the personal probity, and the general prudence and energy of Lafayette, but that he regarded him with the tenderness of a father; and found in the affection, which Lafayette bore to him in return, one of the greatest comforts and blessings of his own life. Whenever the correspondence of Washington and Lafayette shall be published, the publication will do, what perhaps nothing else can, raise them both in the esteem and admiration of mankind.

It was on the 31st of July, 1777, that Lafayette received, by a resolution of Congress, his commission as a Major General in the American Army. Not having at first a separate command, he attached himself to the army of the Commander-in-chief, as a volunteer. On the 11th of the following September, he was present at the unfortunate battle of Brandywine. He there plunged, with a rashness, pardonable in a very youthful commander, into the hottest of the battle, exposed himself to all its dangers, and exhibited a conspicuous example of coolness and courage. When the troops began to retreat in disorder, he threw himself from his horse, entered the ranks, and endeavored to rally them. While thus employed, he was shot by a musket ball through the leg. The wound was not perceived by himself, till he was told by his aid, that the blood was running from his boot. He fell in with a surgeon, who placed a slight bandage on his limb, with which he rode to Chester. Regardless of his situation, he thought only of rallying the troops, who were retreating in

disorder through the village; and it was not till this duty was performed, that the wound was dressed. It was two months before it was sufficiently healed to enable him to rejoin the army. This was the first battle in which he was ever engaged, and such was his entrance into the active service of America.

It would obviously be impossible to do more than glance at the military services of Lafayette during the Revolutionary War, but it seems to belong to a proper treatment of the subject that they should not be wholly omitted.

In the winter of 1778, he was designated to the command of an expedition into Canada, a project formed, without consulting Washington, by the members of Congress and the cabal in the army opposed to the Commander-in-chief. Lafayette was placed at the head of it, partly, no doubt, with a view of detaching him from the support and thereby impairing the influence of Washington. But his veneration for Washington, his good feeling, his sound military judgment, and above all his correct perception of the character of the great man aimed at, enabled him to escape the snare. On repairing to Albany, he found no preparations made to carry the expedition into effect. He perceived its impracticability, and it was abandoned. His retreat at Barren-hill, from a very critical and dangerous situation, into which he was thrown by the abandonment of their post on the part of a detachment of militia stationed to protect his position, received the highest commendations of Washington. On General Lee's declining the command of

the advance of the army at Monmouth, it was given to Lafayette. Lee, perceiving the importance of the command, and the unfavorable appearance which his waiver of it might wear, prevailed with great difficulty on Lafayette, the day before the battle, to allow him to assume it. The conduct of Lafayette on that important day was marked with bravery and skill. On the very day that the British effected their entrance into New-York, the French fleet, under the Count d'Estaing, appeared in the American waters. Rhode-Island having been fixed upon, as the theatre of operations, Lafayette was detached with two brigades, to join the army under General Sullivan. During all the perilous incidents of this critical and unsuccessful campaign, the most important services were rendered by Lafayette. He exerted the happiest influence in restoring harmony between the officers and soldiers of the French and American armies, which had been seriously interrupted, in consequence of the unfortunate issue of the expedition. This was of infinite importance to the cause, as a permanent disgust on the part of the French troops, in this the first expedition sent out in virtue of the alliance, might have effectually damped the further efforts of France. His services on the occasion were acknowledged by express resolutions of Congress.

France being now in a state of declared hostility against England, and Lafayette being still an officer in the French army, he deemed it his duty, at the close of the campaign, to return to his native country, and place himself at the disposal of his government.

He united with this object that of exerting his influence in favor of America, by his personal conferences with the French ministry. He accordingly applied to Congress for a furlough, which on the particular recommendation of General Washington was granted. This permission was accompanied by resolutions expressing, in flattering terms, the sense, which was entertained by Congress, of the importance of his services, and by a letter recommending him to the good offices of the American minister in France. At the same time also, Congress ordered that a sword should be presented to him, adorned with emblematic devices, appropriate to its object.

Lafayette embarked for France at Boston in January 1779, on board an American frigate. Just before arriving on the coasts of France, he happily discovered and assisted in subduing a mutiny on the part of some British prisoners of war, whom he had been induced to admit as a portion of the crew of the frigate, from his aversion to impressment, which must otherwise have been resorted to, in order to make up the ship's complement of men. He was now twenty-two years of age, and returned after two years of absence, marked with honorable scars, and signalized by the thanks of Congress, the admiration of America, and the friendship of Washington. He was received with enthusiasm by the people, and even at court. As he had left the country in disobedience to a royal mandate, etiquette demanded that he should for a few days be required to keep his house, and to see no persons but the members of his family.

This, however, embraced within its circle nearly every person of distinction about the court. His name had already been introduced into several dramatic performances, and hailed with acclamations in the theatres; and a beautiful apostrophe to him in one of these performances, was copied by the Queen, and long preserved in her hand writing, by her confidential attendant Madame Campan. On a journey to one of his estates, in the south of France, the whole population came out to meet him, and the fetes of the city of Orleans, in honor of his return, were prolonged for a week.

The entire benefit of the enthusiasm, of which he was thus the object, was turned by Lafayette to the advantage of America. He was the confidential adviser of Dr. Franklin; he was in unbroken correspondence with Washington, and he was sure to be approached by every American arriving in France, and by every European repairing to America. A Major General in her armies, he was clothed with an official right to interfere in her cause; and his country being now at war with England, no reasons of state interposed to check his activity. He was as a French officer attached to the staff of the Marshal Vaux, at that time Commander-in-chief of the French army. In this capacity, having direct access to the court, the personal and warmly devoted friend of the Count de Vergennes, and the popular favorite, he did for America what no other man could have done, and rendered services to the cause not yet sufficiently appreciated,—and worthy a moment's reflection.

The alliance with France, was the great turning point in the fortunes of the Revolution. I do not, of course, say that, without it, our independence could not have been established. Had this failed, other means would, no doubt, in some wholly different train of affairs, have been disclosed. I would not say of any thing, not even of the character of Washington, that, without it, the country could not have been carried through the war. But in looking back upon the history of the times, I cannot now perceive that in the series of events by which the Independence of the United States was achieved, the alliance with France could have been dispensed with. Her recognition of our Independence inspirited our own councils, and disheartened England. The loans of money and military supplies derived from France, were a vital resource, for which I know not what substitute could have been found ;—and finally, the co-operation of her fleets and armies, involving, as it did eventually that of the Spanish forces, brought down upon the British ministry a burden which they could not bear, and compelled them to abandon the struggle.

At the same time, the greatest difficulties opposed themselves to the practical developement of the benefits of the treaty of alliance. In the first place, it required of an old European monarchy to countenance a colonial revolt. France had colonies. Spain, the kindred sovereignty, had a colonial world in America, where the formidable and all but successful revolt of Tupac-Amaru was already in secret preparation. It was the last moment, which France or

Spain would have voluntarily chosen, to sanction an example of transatlantic independence. The finances of France were any thing but prosperous, and she had to support, unaided, the expense of the fleets and armies which she sent to our assistance. Great difficulties, it was supposed, would attend the co-operation of a French army with American forces on land. Congress was jealous of the introduction of a foreign soldiery into the interior of the country, and Washington himself gave but a reluctant consent to the measure. Considerable discontent had arisen in connection with Count d' Estaing's movements in Rhode Island, which,—had it not been allayed by the prudent and effectual mediation of Lafayette,—would, as has been already stated, probably have prevented a French army from being sent over to the United States. Such were the feelings, on both sides of the ocean, when Lafayette went back to France in 1779; and during the whole of that year, he exerted himself unceasingly, in his correspondence and conferences with the French ministry, to induce them to send out an army. The difficulties to be overcome were all but insurmountable, acting, as he was, not only without the instructions, but against the sense of Congress, and scarcely sanctioned by Washington. He, however, *knew* that success would attend the measure. He had that interior conviction, which no argument or authority can subdue, that the proposed expedition was practicable and expedient, and he succeeded in imparting his enthusiasm to the ministers. He knew that the anticipated difficulties

could be overcome. He had proved, in his own experience, that co-operation was practicable. Military subordination made it impossible to put him, a young man of twenty-two, holding in the King's army only the commission of a subaltern, in the command of a large force; but he relied, with a just confidence, on the services, which his standing in America and his possession of the confidence of Washington would enable him to render. He accordingly pursued the object, with an ardor, an industry, and an adroitness, which nothing could surpass. When his correspondence with the French ministers, particularly the Count de Vergennes, shall be published, it will appear that it was mainly the personal efforts and personal influence of Lafayette, —idol of the French people as he had made himself, —which caused the army of Rochambeau to be sent to America. It was pleasantly remarked by the old Count de Maurepas, who, at the age of seventy-nine, still stood at the head of the French ministry, that 'it was fortunate for the king, that Lafayette did not take it into his head to strip Versailles of its furniture, to send to his dear Americans;—as his Majesty would have been unable to refuse it.' In addition to his efforts to obtain the army of Rochambeau, Lafayette was actively employed, during the year 1779, in conjunction with our ministers, in procuring a large pecuniary subsidy for the United States.

Having thus contributed to the accomplishment of these great objects, he returned to America in the

Spring of 1780. He landed at Boston, where, though nothing was as yet known of the all important services he had rendered to us, he was received with every mark of attachment and admiration. He immediately repaired to the head-quarters of the army; but soon left them to arrange with Count Rochambeau the interview between him and the Commander-in-chief, in which the future operations of the campaign were concerted, at which also he was present. He was at West Point, at the period of the ever memorable scene of the treachery of Arnold. The following winter, he marched at the head of his division to Portsmouth in Virginia, to co-operate in an attack on the British forces, by the combined French and American troops. This plan failed, in consequence of the reverses experienced by the French squadron, under Destouches. On his march backward to the North, Lafayette received a courier from Washington, informing him of the concentration of the troops under Lord Cornwallis, Phillips, and Arnold, in Virginia, and directing him to watch their movements, and prevent this great state, whose fortunes involved that of the whole Southern country, from falling into their hands. This order found him at the head of the Elk, in Maryland. He instantly put in train the requisite measures of preparation. His scanty force was in a state of perfect destitution. In all his army, there was not a pair of shoes fit for service. But the love and confidence, which the country bore him, supplied the place of credit; and he was able, in his own name, to raise a loan in

Baltimore, sufficient to supply the most urgent wants of his little command. Thus furnished, he hastened into Virginia, and during the whole summer of 1781, he conducted the campaign with a vigor, discretion, and success, which saved the State of Virginia, and proved himself to be endowed with the highest qualities of generalship. While Lord Cornwallis, to whom he was opposed,—a person not less eminent for talent and experience, than for rank and political influence,—was boasting, in derision of his youthful adversary, that 'the boy should not escape him,' the boy was preparing a pit, into which his lordship plunged, with all his forces.

My limits do not allow me to sketch to you the history of this great campaign, nor even of its final glorious consummation, the closing scene of the war. But I may, with propriety, pause to say, that it evinced, on the part of our venerable Washington, now at length favored with an opportunity of acting with ample means on a broad scale, a power of combination and a reach of mind, with a promptitude and vigor of execution which, exhibited at the head of mighty armies, gave to Napoleon his reputation, as the greatest captain of the age. I cannot but think, that in the manœuvres, by which Lord Cornwallis was detained in Virginia;—by which Sir Henry Clinton was persuaded, in New-York, that a siege of that city was the great object of Washington,—by which the French forces were brought up from Rhode Island;—the armies of Washington and Rochambeau moved, by a forced march across the country,

to Yorktown, at the moment that the French squadron from Newport, under the Count de Barras, and the great fleet under the Count de Grasse, effected their junction in the Chesapeake,—there is displayed as much generalship, as in any series of movements in the wars of the last thirty years. The operations of Lafayette in Virginia, in the preceding summer, were the basis of them all; as his untiring efforts in France, the preceding season, had mainly occasioned the despatch of the army of Count Rochambeau, without which, the great exploit at Yorktown, could not have been achieved.

And who that has a sense for all that is beautiful in military display, grand and eventful in political combinations, and auspicious to the cause of liberty,—but must linger a moment on the plain of Yorktown. Before you, stretches the broad expanse of York river, an arm of Chesapeake bay. Beyond it, to the north, the British General has left a force at Gloucester point, for his support, should he be compelled to retreat across the river; and there the Duke de Lauzun, with his legion, united with the Virginia militia, effectually encloses the British force within their lines. The intervening expanse of water is covered with the British vessels of war. But it is around the lines of Yorktown, that the interest of the scene is concentrated. Above the town are stationed the French, below the Americans. The royal regiments of Deux Ponts, of Touraine and Saintonge, on the one side, and the troops of Pennsylvania and Virginia, of New-Jersey and New-England on the other.

The Marquis de St. Simon commanded on the extreme left, and General Lincoln on the extreme right. Before the former, we behold the position of the two Viomenils, and near the latter the post of Lafayette. At the point of junction between the two lines, the head-quarters of Count Rochambeau and those of Washington are placed, in harmony of council and of action, side by side. Two redoubts are to be carried. To excite the generous emulation of the combined forces, one is committed to the French and the other to the Americans. Lafayette, with Hamilton at his side, commands the latter, and both redoubts are carried at the point of the bayonet. Cornwallis attempts, but without success, to escape. He is reduced, after a seige of thirteen days, to enter into capitulation; and the last British army of the Revolutionary war surrenders to the united forces of America and France.

At the close of the campaign, to the successful issue of which he had so essentially contributed, Lafayette again asked the permission of Congress to return to France. Well might they permit him, for he went to rouse France and Spain, with all their fleets, armies, and treasures, to strike a last and an overwhelming blow. A committee of Congress, of which Charles Carroll was chairman and James Madison was a member, reported a series of resolutions of the most honorable character, which were adopted by that body. They directed all the ministers of the United States, in Europe, to confer and correspond with Lafayette, they invited him to correspond with Congress,

and they recommended him, in the most affectionate terms, to the especial favor of his sovereign.

He returned to his native country, with these new laurels and new titles to admiration, and France rose up as one man to receive him. His welcome, before enthusiastic, was now rapturous; it was prompted before by admiration of a chivalrous adventure, but the national pride and patriotic spirit of Frenchmen were now aroused. The heavy reproach of the seven years' war was rolled away; and the stains of Quebec washed white at Yorktown. The government, as well as the people of France, was elated at the success of the campaign;—all doubts as to the possibility of a combined action were removed; and to Lafayette, as the prime mover of the enterprise, proportionate credit was justly given for his forecast and sagacity. He could now ask for nothing that was deemed extravagant; or however extravagant, he could ask for nothing which could be refused. The enthusiasm caught from France to Spain. The Castilian coldness was melted; and although the mountains of Peru were bristling with the bayonets of the last of the Incas, King Charles III. could not resist the temptation of humbling Great Britain, and resolved at last that Spain and the Indies should go, with all their resources, for the Congress. A mighty plan of campaign was resolved on. An expedition, such as Europe has rarely witnessed, was projected. The old Armada seemed almost to rise from the depths of the ocean, in mightily augmented array, to avenge the ancient disasters of Spain.

The preparations commenced at Cadiz. Count d'Estaing as generalissimo, with sixty vessels of the line and smaller ships in proportion, with twenty-four thousand troops, was to make a descent on Jamaica, and thence strike at New-York. Lafayette was the first at the rendezvous: he had already proceeded with eight thousand men from Brest to Cadiz. He was placed at the head of the staff of the combined armies, and after New-York had fallen, was to have moved with his division into Canada. But these magnificent and formidable preparations effected their object, at a cheaper cost than that of rivers of blood. The British government learned wisdom, before it was too late;—and the peace was concluded. It was the wish of Lafayette to bear in person the joyous tidings to America. Just as he was about stepping on board a frigate, for that purpose, he returned to Madrid, to render an important service to our minister there. But his despatches were sent by the frigate, and conveyed to Congress the first intelligence of the peace.

In the course of the following year, he yielded to the invitation of Washington and his other friends, and revisited America. He was received with acclamations of joy and gratitude from one end of the country to the other; but no where with a more cordial welcome than in this ancient metropolis. On the 19th of October 1784, in the hall in which we are now assembled to pay the last tribute to his memory, surrounded by his fellow soldiers, by the authorities of the commonwealth, the magistracy of the town, and

the grateful and admiring citizens of Boston, he celebrated the third anniversary of the capture of Cornwallis, in which he had himself so efficiently co-operated. Fifty years have passed away. The pillars of this venerable hall, then twined with garlands, are hung with mourning. The cypress has taken the place of the rose bud. The songs of patriotic rejoicing are hushed; and the funeral anthem is heard in their stead; but the memory of the beloved champion, the friend of America and of freedom, shall bloom in eternal remembrance.*

The year after his return to France, Lafayette made a tour in Germany. He was received throughout that country, with the attention due to his rank and the *éclat* of his services in America. At Vienna, he met the Duke of York, at the table of the Emperor Joseph, and employed the opportunities, which such an interview afforded him, to inculcate the policy of a liberal course, on the part of the powers of Europe, and particularly Great Britain, toward the rising states of America. He was received with distinction by Frederick the Great, and accompanied him on a tour of inspection and review of his armies. On this occasion, he became acquainted with the flying artillery, which Frederic had just organized, and formed the purpose of introducing it into the service of France, on the first opportunity;—an in-

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* The incidents of Lafayette's visit to America in 1784 are succinctly related in the 'Letters of an American Farmer.' The narrative is highly interesting, and but for the more recent and still more extraordinary events of 1824, would well merit a more detailed reference.

tention which he carried into effect, when, at the commencement of the French Revolution, he was placed at the head of an army.

On his return to Paris, he united with M. de Malsherbes, in endeavoring to ameliorate the political condition of the Protestants. In concert with the minister of the Marine, the Marshal de Castries, he expended a large sum, from his private fortune, in an experiment towards the education and eventual emancipation of slaves. To this end he purchased a plantation in Cayenne, intending to give freedom to the laborers, as soon as they should be in a condition to enjoy it without abuse. In the progress of the Revolution, this plantation, with the other estates of Lafayette, was confiscated, and the slaves sold back to perpetual bondage, by the faction which was drenching France in blood, under the motto of liberty and equality.

On the breaking out of the troubles in Holland in 1787, the patriotic party made overtures to Lafayette to place himself at the head of a popular government in that quarter; but the progress of the Revolution was arrested by the invasion of Prussia, and the policy of England and France. Besides this, greater events were preparing at home.

As far as the United States were concerned, during all the period, which intervened from the peace of 1783 to the organization of the Federal government, Lafayette performed in substance the functions of their minister. He was engaged with indefatigable industry and a zeal that knew no bounds, in pro-

moting the interests of America at the Courts of France and Spain. The published works of Mr. Jefferson, which are before the country, and the Diplomatic Correspondence of our ministers abroad, during this period, abundantly show that not one of the accredited ministers of the United States abroad, able and faithful as they were, was more assiduously devoted to the service of the country and the promotion of its political and commercial interests, than Lafayette. New and most convincing proofs of this have recently come before the public.*

At length the mighty crisis came on. The French Revolution draws near;—that stupendous event of which it is impossible to be silent;—next to impossible to speak. Louis XV. once said to a courtier, 'this French monarchy is fourteen hundred years old: it cannot last long.' Such was the terrific sentiment, which, even in the bosom of his base pleasu es, stole into the conscience of the modern Sardanapa l s. But in that mysterious and bewildering chain of connection, which binds together the fortunes of states and of men, the last convulsive effort of this worn out and decrepit monarchy, in which the spasmodic remains of her strength were exhausted and her crazy finances plunged into irretrievable confusion, was the American alliance. This corrupt and feeble despotism, trembling on the verge of an abyss toward which time and events were urging it, is made to

* In the two collections published under the authority of Congress,—the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution; and its Continuation to the Peace of 1789.

hold out a strong and helping hand, to assist the rising republic into the family of nations. The generous spirits whom she sent to lead her armies to the triumphs of republicanism in America, came back to demand, for their own country, and to assert on their own soil, those political privileges for which they had been contending in America. The process of argument was short. If this plan of government administered by responsible agents, is good for America, it is good for France. If our brethren in the United States will not submit to power assumed by those not accountable for its abuse, why should we? If we have done wisely and well in going to shed our blood, for this constitutional liberty beyond the Atlantic, let us be ready to shed it in the same great cause for our fathers, for our friends, for ourselves, in our native land. Is it possible to find, I will not say a sound and sufficient answer to this argument, but an answer, which would be thought sound and sufficient by the majority of ardent tempers and inquisitive minds?

The atrocious, the unexampled, the ungodly abuses of the reign of terror have made the very name of the French Revolution hateful to mankind. The blood chills, the flesh creeps, the hair stands on end, at the recital of its horrors; and no slight degree of the odium they occasion is unavoidably reflected on all, who had an agency in bringing it on. The subsequent events in Europe have also involved the French Revolution in a deep political unpopularity. It is unpopular in Great Britain, in the rest of Eu-

rope, in America, in France itself; and not a little of this unpopularity falls on every one whose name is prominently connected with it. All this is prejudice, natural prejudice, if you please, but still prejudice. The French Revolution was the work of sheer necessity. It began in the act of the court, casting about, in despair, for the means of facing the frightful dilapidation of the finances. Louis XV. was right,—the monarchy could not go on. The Revolution was as inevitable as fate.

I go farther. Penetrated as I am to heart-sickness when I peruse the tale of its atrocities, I do not scruple to declare, that the French Revolution, as it existed in the councils of Lafayette and associates, and while it obeyed their impulse, and so long as it was controlled by them, was, notwithstanding the melancholy excesses which stained even its early stages, a work of righteous reform;—that justice, humanity, and religion demanded it. I maintain this with some reluctance, because it is a matter, in respect to which all are not of one mind, and I would not willingly say any thing, on this occasion, which could awaken a single discordant feeling. But I speak from a sense of duty; and standing as I do over the grave of Lafayette, I may not, if my feeble voice can prevent it, allow the fame of one of the purest men, that ever lived, to be sacrificed to a prejudice; to be overwhelmed with the odium of abuses, which he did not foresee, which, if he had foreseen, he could not have averted, and with which, he had himself no personal connection, but as their victim. It is for this reason,

I maintain, that the French Revolution, as conceived by Lafayette, was a work of righteous reform. Read the history of France, from the revocation of the edict of Nantes downward. Reflect upon the scandalous influence, which dictated that inhuman decree to the dotage of Louis XIV., a decree which cost France as much blood as flowed under the guillotine. Trace the shameful annals of the regency, and the annals not less shameful, of Louis XV. Consider the overgrown wealth and dissoluteness of the clergy and the arrogance and corruption of the nobility, possessing together a vast proportion of the property, and bearing no part of the burdens of the state. Recollect the abuses of the law,—high judicial places venal in the market,—warrants of arrest issued, to the number of one hundred and fifty thousand in the single reign of Louis XV., oftentimes in blank, to court favorites, to be filled up with what names, for what prisons, for what times they pleased. Add to this the oppression of the peasantry by iniquitous taxes, that have become proverbial in the history of misgovernment, and the outlawry of one twenty-fourth part of the population as protestants ;—who were forbidden to leave the kingdom, subject to be shot if they crossed the frontier, but deprived of the protection of the government at home, their contracts annulled, their children declared illegitimate, and their ministers,—who might venture, in dark forests and dreary caverns, to conduct their prohibited devotions,—doomed to the scaffold. As late as 1745, two protestant ministers were executed in France, for per-

forming their sacred functions. Could men bear these things in a country like France, a reading, enquiring country, with the upshot of the American Revolution before their eyes, and at the close of the eighteenth century? Can any man who has Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins, hesitate for an answer? Did not England shake off less abuses than these, a century and a half before? Had not a paltry unconstitutional tax, neither in amount nor in principle to be named with the *taille* or the *gabelle*, just put the continent of America in a flame; and was it possible that the young officers of the French army should come back to their native land, from the war of political emancipation waged on this continent, and sit down contented, under the old abuses, at home? It was not possible. The Revolution was as inevitable as fate, and the only question was, by whose agency it should be brought on.

The first step in the French Revolution was, as is well known, the assembly of Notables, February 22d, 1787. Its last convocation had been in 1626, under the Cardinal Richelieu. It was now convoked by the minister Calonne, the controller general of the finances, from the utter impossibility, without some unusual resources, of providing for the deficit in the finances, which had, for the preceding year, amounted to 181,000,000 livres, and was estimated at the annual average of 140,000,000. This assembly consisted of one hundred and thirty-seven persons, of whom scarcely ten were in any sense the representatives of the people. Lafayette was of course a dis-

tinguished member, then just completing his thirtieth year. In an assembly called by direction of the King, and consisting almost exclusively of the high aristocracy, he stepped forth, at once, the Champion of the People. It was the intention of the government to confine the action of the assembly to the discussion of the state of the finances, and the contrivance of means to repair their disorder. It was not so that Lafayette understood his commission. He rose to denounce the abuses of the government. The Count d'Artois,—since Charles X., the brother of the King,—attempted to call him to order, as acting on a subject not before the assembly. 'We are summoned,' said Lafayette, 'to make the truth known to his Majesty. I must discharge my duty.' He accordingly, after an animated harangue on the abuses of the government, proposed the abolition of private arrests and of the state prisons, in which any one might be confined, on the warrant of the minister; —the restoration of protestants to the equal privileges of citizenship, and the convocation of the States General, or representatives of the people. 'What,' said the Count d' Artois, 'do you demand the States General?' 'Yes,' replied Lafayette, 'and something better than that.'

The assembly of Notables was convoked a second time in 1788, and Lafayette was again found in his place, pleading for the representation of the people. As a member of the provincial assemblies of Auvergne and Britanny, he also took the lead in all the measures of reform, that were proposed by those patriotic bodies.

But palliatives were vain; it became impossible to resist the impulse of public opinion, and the States General were convened. This body assembled at Versailles on the third of May 1789. According to Mr. Jefferson, writing from personal observation on the spot, its initiatory movements were concerted by Lafayette and a small circle of friends, at the hotel of Mr. Jefferson himself, who calls Lafayette at this momentous period of its progress, the Atlas of the Revolution.* He proposed and carried through the assembly, of which he was vice president, a declaration of rights, analogous to those contained in the American constitutions. He repeated the demand, which he had made in the assembly of the Notables, for the suppression of *lettres de cachet*, and the admission of protestants to all the privileges of citizens. For the three years that he sustained the command of the National Guard, he kept the peace of the capital, rent as it was by the intrigues of the parties, the fury of a debased populace, and the agitations set on foot by foreign powers; and so long as he remained at the head of the Revolution, with much to condemn and more to lament, and which no one resisted more strenuously than Lafayette, it was a work of just reform, after ages of frightful corruption and abuse.

Before the National Guard was organized, but while he filled the place of Commander of the city guard of Paris, he was the great bulwark of the public peace, at the critical period of the destruction of the Bastile. From his position at the head of the

* Jefferson's Correspondence. Vol. I. pp. 75, 84.

embodied militia of the capital and its environs, Lafayette was clothed in substance with the concentrated powers of the state. These, it is unnecessary to say, were exercised by him for the preservation of order and the repression of violence. Hundreds of those, threatened, at this unsettled period, as victims of popular violence, were saved by his intervention. But when at length he found himself unable to rescue the unfortunate Foulon and Berthier from the hands of the infuriated populace, he refused to retain a power, which he could not make effective, and resigned his post. The earnest entreaties of the friends of order, assuring him that they deemed the public peace to be safe in no hands but his, persuaded him to resume it; but not till the electoral districts of Paris had confirmed the appointment, and promised to support him in the discharge of his duty.

It was a short period after this event, that Lafayette proposed the organization of the National Guard of France. The ancient colors of the city of Paris were blue and red. To indicate the union, which he wished to promote between a king governing by a constitution and a people protected by laws, he proposed to add,—the white,—the royal color of France; and to form of the three the new ensign of the nation. 'I bring you, gentlemen,' said he, 'a badge, which will go round the world;—an institution at once civil and military; which will change the system of European tactics, and reduce the absolute governments to the alternative of being conquered, if they do not imitate it, and overturned if

they do.' The example of Paris was followed in the provinces, and the National Guard, three millions seven hundred thousand strong, was organized throughout France, with Lafayette at its head.

These are occurrences, which arrest the attention, as the eye runs down the crowded page of the chronicles of the time. But we are too apt to pass over unnoticed, the humbler efforts, by which Lafayette endeavored, from the first moment of the Revolution, to make it produce the fruits of practical reform in the institutions of the country. Under his influence, and against strong opposition,—a deputation was sent by the city of Paris to the national assembly, demanding an immediate reform in criminal jurisprudence,—the publicity of trials,—the confrontation of witnesses, —the privilege of counsel for the accused, and free intercourse between the prisoner and his family. These privileges were enjoyed by the accused, in the only three state trials which took place while Lafayette retained his popularity; and the credit of having obtained them was justly ascribed to him, by the counsel of one of the individuals by whom they were enjoyed.

On the 5th of October 1789, occurred the only incident in the life of Lafayette, upon which calumny has ventured to rely, as having affixed a blot upon his fair fame. Even Sir Walter Scott, in relating the history of this occurrence, has afforded some countenance to the imputations against Lafayette. I trust, therefore, I shall not seem to descend too much into particulars, if I briefly repeat the incidents of that night of terror.

Paris, during the whole of this memorable season, was in a state of the greatest excitement. All the elements of confusion were in the highest action. A great political revolution in progress,—the King feeble and irresolute, but already subdued by the magnitude of the events,—his family and court divided, corrupt, and laboring, by intrigue and treachery, to arrest the progress of the Revolution,—the Duke of Orleans lavishing immense sums to sow dissension and urge the Revolution to a point, at which, as he hoped, it would transfer the crown from the head of his unhappy kinsman to his own;—the fiercest conflicts among the different orders of the state, and a wild consciousness of power in the mass of the people, late awakened for the recovery of long lost rights and the revenge of centuries of oppression;—these were some of the elements of disorder. The match was laid to the train, at a festival at the palace at Versailles, at which the national cockade was trampled under foot by the body guard, in presence of the Queen and her infant son, and the Revolution denounced in terms of menace and contumely. The news spread to Paris,—already convulsed by the intrigues of the Duke of Orleans, and exasperated by a want of bread. The hungry populace were told, that the famine which they suffered was intentionally produced by the King and his ministry, for the purpose of starving them back to slavery. Riots broke out at an early hour on the 5th of October, around the City Hall. For eight hours Lafayette exerted himself, and not without success, to restrain the frantic

crowds, which constantly reassembled, as soon as dispersed, with cries, 'to Versailles for bread.' Hearing at length, that from other points of the capital infuriated mobs were moving toward Versailles, with muskets and cannons, he asked the orders of the municipality to hasten himself, with a detachment of the National Guard, to the defence of the royal family. On his arrival at Versailles, he administered to the troops the oath of fidelity to the nation, the law, and the King. He entered the court of the palace, accompanied only by two commissioners of the city. It was filled with Swiss guards, and the terrified inmates of the palace ; and as he advanced, the gloomy silence was broken by the exclamation of some person present, 'Here comes Cromwell.' 'Cromwell,' replied Lafayette, 'would not have come here alone.' Admitted to the presence of the King, whom he treated with the deference due to his rank, Lafayette asked that the posts in and about the palace might be confided to him. This request was refused, as contrary to etiquette. In consequence, the palace itself, the interior court, and the approach by the garden remained, as usual, protected only by the body guard and the Swiss. At two o'clock in the morning, Lafayette made the round of the posts under his command, and asked another interview with the King ; but was told that he was asleep. After five o'clock in the morning, while all was quiet, exhausted by nearly twenty-four hours of unremitted and anxious labor, he repaired to his quarters in the immediate vicinity of the palace, to receive

the reports of his aids,—to prepare despatches for Paris,—and to take food and repose. Scarcely had he reached his quarters for these purposes, when an officer ran to apprize him, that a band of ruffians, concealed in the shrubbery of the garden, had burst into the palace and forced their way over two of the body guards, to the chamber of the Queen; who was barely enabled, by the brave resistance of the guards at her door, to escape with her life.

Lafayette rushed to the scene of action, with the detachment of his force nearest at hand, and took the proper steps to arrest the progress of the disorder. The royal family were protected,—and several of the body guards rescued from the mob. Happening to be left alone, at one moment, in the midst of the lawless crowd, an individual among them raised a cry for the head of Lafayette. The imminent danger in which he stood was averted by the coolness, with which he ordered the madman to be seized by his fellows around him. The King deemed it necessary to yield to the clamors of the populace, and return with them to Paris. Lafayette was alarmed at the symptoms of disaffection toward the Queen, which still prevailed in the throng. At once to make trial of the popular feeling and to extend to her the protection of his unbounded popularity, he had the courage to propose to her, to appear with him alone on the balcony of the castle, with her son the dauphin on her arm. Leading her forward towards the people, it was his purpose to make an appeal to them, on her behalf. The confused acclamations of

the vast throng prevented his being heard; and unable, in any other manner, to convey to the immense and agitated assemblage, in motion beneath them, the sentiments which he wished to inspire in their bosoms, toward the defenceless person of the Queen, and the innocent child whom she held in her arms, he stooped and kissed her hand. A cry of 'long live the Queen, long live Lafayette,' responded to the action. Returning to the royal cabinet, he was embraced by its inmates as the saviour of the King and his family, and till the last hour of their unfortunate existence, the King and the Queen never failed to do him the justice to acknowledge, that on this terrific day he had saved their lives.

From the commencement of the Revolution, Lafayette refused all pecuniary compensation and every unusual appointment or trust. Not a dignity known to the ancient monarchy, or suggested by the disorder of the times, but was tendered to him, and refused. More than once, it was proposed to create him Field Marshal, Grand Constable, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. The titles of Dictator, and Commander-in-chief of the armies of France, were successively proposed to him, but in vain. Knowing that the representatives of the great federation of the National Guards, who repaired to Paris in 1790, designed to invest him with the formal command of this immense military force, he hastened the passage of a decree of the assembly, forbidding any person to exercise the command of more than one district. And having, at the close of a review, been conducted to the national

assembly, by an immense and enthusiastic throng, he took that occasion to mount the tribune and announce the intention of returning to private life, as soon as the preparation of the Constitution should be completed.

When the feudal system was established in Europe, and its entire population, in the several countries into which it was divided, was organized on a military principle, the various posts of command were dignified with appropriate names. All the great lords were barons, and according to their position at the head of armies, in the immediate train of the King, or on the frontier, they were dukes, counts, and marquises. These were titles, significant when first given, and in themselves harmless, when considered apart from the hereditary transmission of estates and rank, which in process of time went with them. But having long since ceased to possess their original significance, with the first steps of the Revolution, their frivolity was too apparent to be endured. There was a sort of theatrical insipidity in these curious gradations of unmeaning titles among men, who, in difficult times, were met together on serious business; and among the early measures of the assembly was the decree pronouncing their abolition. Lafayette, whose patent of nobility had at least the merit of four centuries of antiquity, was among the first to support the proposition, and lay down his title of Marquis, never again to be resumed. In the lapse of a few years, the member of assembly, who proposed the abolition, be-

came a count under Bonaparte, and those who were the most zealous to procure its adoption lived to see themselves blazing in the decorations of the imperial court. But neither under Napoleon nor the restoration, did it enter into the head of Lafayette to be guilty of this weakness, and the only title which he wore till his death, was that which he first derived from his commission in the American army.

On the recurrence of the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile, on the 14th July 1790, the labors of the assembly in the formation of the Constitution were so far advanced, that it was deemed expedient, by a grand act of popular ratification, to give the sanction of France to the principles on which it was founded. The place assigned for the ceremony is the Champ de Mars, and the act itself is regarded as a grand act of federation, by which the entire population of France, through the medium of an immense representation, engage themselves to each other by solemn oaths and imposing rites, to preserve the Constitution, the Monarchy, and the Law. In front of the military school at Paris, and near the river Seine, a vast plain is marked out for the imposing pageant. Innumerable laborers are employed and still greater multitudes of volunteers co-operate with them, in preparing a vast embankment disposed on terraces, and covered with turf. The entire population of the capital and its environs, from the highest to the lowest condition of life, of both sexes and of every profession, is engaged from day to day and from week to week, in carrying on

the excavation. The academies and schools,—the official bodies of every description,—the trades and the professions, and every class and division of the people, repair from morning to night to take a part in the work, cheered by the instruments of a hundred full orchestras, and animated with every sport and game, in which an excited and cheerful populace gives vent to its delight. It was the perfect saturnalia of liberty;—the meridian of the Revolution, when its great and unquestioned benefits seemed established on a secure basis, with as little violence and bloodshed, as could be reasonably expected in the tumultuous action of a needy, exasperated, and triumphant populace. The work at length is completed,—the terraces are raised, and three hundred thousand spectators are seated in the vast amphitheatre. A gallery is elevated in front of the military school, and in its centre a pavilion above the throne. In the rear of the pavilion is prepared a stage, on which the Queen, the Dauphin and the royal family are seated. The deputed members of the federation, eleven thousand for the army and navy, and eighteen thousand for the National Guard of France, are arranged in front,—within a circle, formed by eighty-three lances planted in the earth, adorned with the standards of the eighty-three departments. In the midst of the Champ de Mars, the centre of all eyes, with nothing above it but the canopy of heaven,—arose a magnificent altar,—the loftiest ever raised on earth. Two hundred priests in white surplices, with the tri-color as a girdle, are

disposed on the steps of the altar; on whose spacious summit mass is performed by the bishop of Autun. On the conclusion of the religious ceremony, the members of the federation and the deputies of the assembly advance to the altar, and take the oath of fidelity to the Nation, the Constitution, and the King. The King himself assumes the name and rank of chief of the federation, and bestows the title of its Major-General on Lafayette. The King took the oath on his throne, but Lafayette, as the first citizen of France, advancing to the altar, at the head of thirty thousand deputies, and in the name of the mighty mass of the National Guard, amidst the plaudits of near half a million of his fellow-citizens, in the presence of all that was most illustrious and excellent in the kingdom, whose organized military power he represented as their chief, took the oath of fidelity to the Nation, the Constitution, and the King. Of all the oaths that day taken, by the master spirits of the time, his was, perhaps, the only one kept inviolate. It sealed his fidelity to the doubtful fortunes of the monarch, and in the onward march of the Revolution,—destined to wade through seas of blood,—it raised an inseparable barrier between Lafayette and the remorseless innovators, who soon appeared on the scene. It decided his own fortunes, and in no inconsiderable degree the fortunes of the Revolution.

The beauty of this great festival was impaired by a drenching rain, and the general joy, with which it was celebrated, was a last gleam of sunshine, through

the gathering clouds of the Revolution. The flight of the King, which occurred the following summer, placed Lafayette in an embarrassing position. He was determined to maintain the sanctity of his oath of fidelity to this unfortunate prince. The King had given his word of honor to Lafayette, that he would not attempt to leave the capital ; and Lafayette had in consequence pledged his own honor,—his head even,—to the assembly, that no attempt to carry off the King should succeed. Nevertheless, on the night of the 21st of June, the King and royal family succeeded in making their escape from Paris, and Lafayette was denounced the same day, by Danton, at the club of Jacobins, as being either a traitor, who had allowed the King to escape ;—or as incompetent to his trust, in not knowing how to prevent it. With the moral courage, which carried him safe through so many fearful days of peril, Lafayette presented himself, calm and fearless, before the incensed multitude, and made his good faith to the public apparent. But the difficulties of his position daily increased. He was alternately compelled to strain his popularity to the utmost, in repressing the violence of the populace, and controlling the intrigues of the partizans of the ancient order of things. Weary of this situation, he deemed the definitive adoption of the Constitution a justifiable occasion for laying down his ungracious command, and, on the 8th of October 1791, took his leave of the National Guard, in a letter, which would have done no discredit,—for its patriotic spirit and enlightened counsels,—to the

great American exemplar, whom he had adopted as the object of his respectful imitation.

Hitherto the powers of Europe had looked with astonishment and apparent inactivity, upon the portentous events, that were crowding upon each other in France; and France herself, rent with factions, and distracted with the embarrassments incident to such mighty changes, had scarcely turned her attention to the foreign relations of the country. In this manner five years, from the meeting of the assembly of Notables, passed away, during which there was unconsciously forming and organizing itself at home and abroad, the principle of those mighty wars which were to signalize the next thirty years. From the commencement of 1792, the questions which arose between the French and Austrian governments, relative to the territorial jurisdiction of the empire on the border of France, ripened towards a rupture; and strange as it may now appear, an open declaration of hostilities was the desire of all the numerous parties, interests, and governments, concerned in the issue. The King of France, the Queen and the partizans of the old *régime* generally, at home; the Emperor, and the other sovereigns of Europe, the emigrant princes and nobles, and their friends, desired a war, as the means of pouring down upon the popular party of France, the combined military powers of the ancient governments. On the other hand, the leaders of all the factions in France desired not less ardently a declaration of war, as the means of strengthening their power by the organization and

control of standing armies, and gratifying the ambitious, the avaricious, the needy, and the adventurous in their ranks, with promotion and plunder. The zealots burned with the vision of revolutionizing Europe. The honest constitutional party alone deprecated the measure; but even they were bound by their oaths to take arms against the preposterous *ultimatum* of the Austrian cabinet, which required France to renounce the constitution of 1791, a constitution which the King and people had alike sworn to defend. And thus all parties strangely rushed into a war, destined in turn, to subvert, crush, and revolutionize, with indiscriminate fury, every interest, party, and government drawn into its vortex.

The formal declaration of war was made by Louis XVI., on the 20th of March 1792. Three armies were raised to guard the frontier of the Netherlands, and placed under the command of Luckner, an ancient chieftain of the seven years' war, Lafayette, and Rochambeau. The united force was fifty thousand men. The plan of operations was decided by the King in council at Paris, in conference with the three generals, who immediately took the field. The political intrigues of the capital were not slow in reaching the camp. The Jacobins at Paris, not yet the majority, but rapidly becoming so, had long marked out Lafayette as their victim. Orders were sent by the minister of war designedly to embarrass and disgust him; and he soon found, that it was necessary for him openly to denounce the Jacobins to the legislative assembly and the nation, as the enemies

of the country. He accordingly, on the 16th of June, addressed a letter to the Assembly, in which he proclaimed this faction to be the enemy of the constitution and the people; and called on all the friends of liberty to unite for its suppression. The voice of reason for a moment prevailed;—a majority of the Assembly received with approbation the letter of Lafayette, and seventy-five of the departments of France, in their local assemblies, gave their formal sanction to its sentiments. Braving the enemy in his strong hold, he followed up his letter, by hastening to Paris,—appearing at the bar of the Assembly, and demanding the punishment of the wretches, who had forced the Tuilleries, and menaced and insulted the King, the preceding week. Anxious for the safety of the King's person, he proposed to him to retire to Compiègne, under the protection of his army, and there await the issue of the efforts for the suppression of the Jacobins. Incredible as it may appear, these proposals were rejected, from an unwillingness, on the part of the Queen, to owe her life a second time to Lafayette, and in consequence of the advice secretly conveyed to the court, by the Duke of Brunswick, then concentrating his army on the frontiers; who recommended to the King to remain in tranquillity at the Tuilleries, till the allied forces should hasten to his relief.

Lafayette accordingly returned to his army, defeated in the last efforts, which afforded a shadow of hope, for the safety of the royal family or the preservation of the constitution. On the 8th of August he

was formally denounced in the Assembly, as an enemy of his country, and a motion made for his arrest and trial. After vehement debates, it was put to vote, and resulted in his acquittal by a majority of 407 to 224. But many of those who voted in his favor were, on the following day, insulted by the populace. Baffled in the attempt to destroy him, and in him the last support of the constitutional monarchy, and weary of the tardy march of their infernal policy, the Jacobins at Paris resolved, without further delay, to intimidate the majority of the Assembly and the constitutional party throughout the country, and by a frightful measure of violence and blood, establish the reign of terror. Accordingly the horrid tragedy of the 10th of August is enacted,—the palace forced by the army of assassins,—its guards massacred, and the King and the royal family driven to take refuge in the Assembly, by which, after suffering every thing that was distressing, humiliating, and cruel, he is deposed, and ordered to be imprisoned in the temple. The news of these events reached Lafayette at his head-quarters in Sedan. He had sworn to support the Constitution, and to be faithful to the King. The assembly,—the capital—the people,—the army were struck with dismay;—the horrid scenes of Paris were acted over in the departments, and the reign of terror was established. Commissioners were sent by the Assembly to the army to arrest the generals; —it remained to Lafayette to anticipate them by an attack on the enemy, which, if successful, would but put new strength in the hands of Robespierre and his

associates, to march on Paris, which in the present state of feeling in the nation and in the army was to deliver himself up to his executioners,—or to save himself by flight. Happily he adopted the latter course, and having placed his army in the best condition possible, to receive no injury from his leaving it, he passed with a few of his friends and aids, across the frontier, intending to repair to Holland or England, countries not as yet engaged in the war. While in the territory of Liége, he fell into the hands of an Austrian military force, and notwithstanding the circumstances under which he had left his army and France, was treated as a prisoner. Various unworthy attempts were made to engage Lafayette in the service of the armies marching against France, and to draw from him information which would be of use in the approaching campaign. Refusing to act the treacherous part proposed to him, he was handed over to the Prussian government, and dragged from fortress to fortress, till he was thrown into the dungeons of Magdeburg. The secrets of that horrid prison-house have been laid open to the world. Lafayette was there confined in a subterraneous vault,—dark,—damp,—and secured by four successive doors, loaded with bolts and chains. But the arms of the Duke of Brunswick are unsuccessful in France. On the heights of Valmy the first of those victories of revolutionary fame, which have astonished and terrified the world, is gained over the Prussian army. Negotiations for peace are concluded, and the exchange of prisoners is in progress. To evade the

necessity of releasing Lafayette and his companions, he is transferred by the King of Prussia to the Emperor of Germany, and immured in the castle of Olmütz, in Moravia. On entering this prison, Lafayette and his fellow sufferers were told, that 'from that time forward they would see nothing, but the four walls within which they were enclosed; that no tidings would reach them of what was passing without; that not even their gaolers would pronounce their names; that when mentioned in the despatches of the government, it would only be by their numbers on the register; that no intelligence would pass from them to their families, nor from their families to them; and that, to prevent their seeking relief from the slow agonies of this torture, they would be interdicted the use of knives or forks, and every other instrument of self-destruction.'

It is scarcely necessary to state that the health of Lafayette sunk, before long, under this barbarous treatment. After a thrice repeated opinion on the part of his physician, that he could not live unless permitted to breathe a purer air than that of his dungeon, and after answering the first application by the remark, that 'he was not yet sick enough,' the court of Vienna, either touched with remorse, or shaking before the outcry of public indignation, in Europe and America, granted him permission to take exercise abroad under an armed escort, but not on condition that he would not attempt his escape, as was falsely asserted by his calumniators.

This opportunity of taking the air abroad gave

occasion for a bold and generous effort to effect his liberation. His friends had, from the first moment of his captivity, had this object at heart; but after his removal to Olmütz, they remained for a long time ignorant of the place of his captivity. The Count Lally Tolendal, who, notwithstanding their difference of opinion in politics, had ever preserved his personal respect and attachment for Lafayette, spared no pains to discover the place of his seclusion. He employed for this purpose, a young Hanoverian physician, Dr. Eric Bollmann, afterwards a naturalized citizen of the United States, who had signalized himself in effecting the escape of M. de Narbonne from Paris, after the dreadful 10th of August 1792.* Dr. Bollmann immediately undertook a voyage of enquiry into Germany, but could learn only that Lafayette had been transferred from the Prussian, to the Austrian dominions. On a second visit to Germany, made in the same benevolent object, he succeeded in ascertaining, that there were four state prisoners confined, with extreme rigor, in separate cells at Olmütz, which he had no reason to doubt were Lafayette and his companions. He immediately devoted himself to the object of effecting his liberation. He established himself for six months as a physician at Vienna, to prevent the suspicions, which might be awakened by an unprepared appearance in the Austrian dominions, in the immediate neighborhood of Olmütz. While engaged in con-

* Considerations sur la Revolution Française, par Mad. de Stäel. Tome I. p. 67.

certing his plans, Mr. Huger, of South Carolina, the son of the gentleman under whose roof Lafayette passed his first night in America, happened to arrive at Vienna on his travels, and engaged with cordiality in the generous enterprise of Dr. Bollmann.

They repaired at length to Olmütz. Dr. Bollmann had contrived to obtain letters at Vienna, which obtained him the means, in his professional character, of secretly communicating with Lafayette, and agreeing upon a signal, by which he might be recognized by the two friends,—and ascertaining the day when he would be permitted to take exercise abroad. On that day they repaired, on their horses, to a place under the ramparts of the city, on the road by which Lafayette and his guards would pass. The carriage soon arrives, containing Lafayette, an officer and a soldier. The friends allow it to pass them, that they may exchange the signal agreed upon. This being done, they again pass forward in advance of the carriage, toward a spot where Lafayette was accustomed to descend and walk. The moment he set his foot on the ground, Lafayette, unarmed as he was, fell upon his two guards. The soldier, disarmed and terrified, instantly fled to the city to report what had happened. The contest with the officer was violent. Lafayette succeeded in depriving him of his sword, but in the contest the officer, with his teeth, tore the hand of Lafayette to the bone. He also suffered a violent strain in his back in consequence of his exertions. The two friends came up at the moment of the struggle, and

placing Lafayette on one of their horses, Mr. Huger told him in English to go to *Hoff*. This was a post town, about twenty miles from Olmütz, where they had prepared a travelling carriage. He mistook the expression, as merely a direction to go *off*, and failed consequently to take the proper road.

One of the horses of Messrs. Bollmann and Huger was trained to carry two persons; the other horse, on which Lafayette was to be mounted, unfortunately escaped in the confusion of the struggle. It became necessary therefore that he should mount the horse destined for the two friends, and on their urgent solicitation, he rode forward alone, while they remained behind to retake their horse. Some time was lost in effecting this object, and when mounted by Messrs. Bollmann and Huger he proved intractable, and it was found impossible to make him proceed. Mr. Huger generously insisted on Dr. Bollmann's riding off alone, while he should make his escape, as well as he could, on foot. Mr. Huger was soon stopped by some peasants who had witnessed the scene, and handed over to the officers and guards, who hastened in pursuit. Dr. Bollmann arrived with ease at Hoff, but there had the mortification to find that Lafayette was prevented by some cause, at that time unknown, from joining him. He passed the Prussian frontier, but was arrested in a day or two, as an Austrian fugitive.

It was almost night when these events took place. Lafayette was oppressed with pain and fatigue. Being left alone, from the causes mentioned, he was

not only at a loss what direction to take, but was in a state of the most painful anxiety for the fate of his generous liberators. He proceeded towards the frontier, on the road by which he had entered Moravia, intending to secrete himself there; and if Messrs. Bollmann and Huger should be in prison, to give himself up, on condition of their release. Not well knowing the road, he requested a peasant to guide him. His broken German, the blood with which he was covered, and the condition of his clothing, sufficiently betrayed his character. The peasant left him, pretending to go in search of a horse, on which to accompany him, but in reality to give the alarm at the next town, where he was arrested. The following day he was brought back to Olmütz.*

Bollmann and Huger were thrown into close dungeons, and chained by the neck to the floor. Mr. Huger asked permission to send an open letter to his mother, containing the words 'I am alive,' and nothing else, but he was refused. He was left in the most distressing uncertainty as to the fate of Lafayette and his companion, and could form only the darkest anticipations of his own. His food was bread and water. His cell was dark;—and once in six hours it was entered by the gaoler, to see that his chain was sound. After six months' confinement, their case was adjudged, and owing to the kind interference of Count Metrowsky, a nobleman of liberal character and great influence, who found in their

* A portion of these details are from an unpublished letter of Latour-Maubourg, one of the companions of Lafayette in captivity, preserved among the Washington papers.

crime but a new title to respect, they were released with a nominal punishment, and ordered to quit the Austrian dominions. Scarcely were they at liberty, when an order was issued for the re-investigation of their case; but they were already in safety beyond the frontier.

The treatment of Lafayette, after his re-capture, was doubly severe. On his first entrance into the prison at Olmütz, he had been plundered of his watch and shoe-buckles, the only articles of value, which the Prussians had left in his possession. But on his return to his dungeon he was stripped of the few comforts of life, which he had been before permitted to enjoy. He was kept in a dark room, denied a supply of decent clothing, and fed on bread and water. He was constantly told, as he was the first day of his capture by the Austrians, that he was reserved for the scaffold.

But whatever anxiety he might feel on his own account, was merged in his cruel solicitude for his family. No tidings were permitted to reach him from his wife and children, and the last intelligence he had received from her was, that she was confined in prison at Paris. There she had been thrown during the reign of terror. Her grandmother, the Dutchess de Noailles, her mother the Dutchess d'Ayen, and her sister the Countess de Noailles, had perished in one day on the scaffold. She was herself reserved for the like fate; but the downfal of Robespierre preserved her. During her imprisonment, her great anxiety was for her son, George Washington Lafayette, then just attaining the age, at which he

was liable to be forced by the conscription into the ranks of the army. The friendly assistance of two of our fellow-citizens, whom I have the pleasure to see before me, Mr. Joseph Russell and Col. Thomas H. Perkins, was exerted in his behalf; and in consequence of their influence with Boissy d' Anglas, then a member of the Committee of Safety, they succeeded in obtaining permission for his departure. He was conveyed by Mr. Russell to Havre, whence he took passage to Boston, and after a month spent in this city, was received into the family of General Washington at Mount Vernon, where he remained till the liberation of his father.*

Relieved from anxiety on account of her son, the wife of Lafayette was resolved, with her daughters, if possible, to share his captivity. Just escaped from the dungeons of Robespierre, she hastened to plunge into those of the German Emperor. This admirable lady, who, in the morning of life, had sent her youthful hero from her side, to fight the battles of constitutional freedom, beneath the guidance of Washington, now goes to immure herself with him in the gloomy cells of Olmütz. Born, brought up, accustomed to all that was refined, luxurious and elegant, she goes to shut herself up in the poisonous wards of his dungeon,—to partake his wretched fare;—to share his daily repeated insults;—to breathe an atmosphere so noxious and intolerable, that the gaolers, who bring them their daily food, are compelled to cover their faces, as they enter their cells.

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* The letter of Lafayette to Colonel Perkins, written in acknowledgment of these services, immediately after his liberation, is before me.

Landing at Altona on the 9th September 1795, she proceeded with an American passport, under the family name of her husband (Motier), to Vienna. Having arrived in that city, she obtains through the compassionate good offices of Count Rosemberg, an interview with the Emperor. Francis II. is not a cruel man. At the age of twenty-five, he has not yet been hardened by long training in the school of state policy. He is a husband and a father. The heroic wife of Lafayette, with her daughters, is admitted to his presence. She demands only to share her husband's prison, but she implores the Emperor to restore to liberty the father of her children. 'He was indeed, Sire, a general in the armies of republican America; but it was at a time when the daughter of Maria Theresa was foremost in his praise. He was indeed a leader of the French Revolution, but not in its excesses, not in its crimes; and it was owing to him alone, that on the dreadful 5th of October, Marie Antoinette and her son had not been torn in pieces by the blood-thirsty populace of Paris. He is not the prisoner of your justice, nor your arms, but was thrown by misfortune into your power, when he fled before the same monsters of blood and crime, who brought the king and queen to the scaffold. Three of my family have perished on the same scaffold, my aged grand-parent, my mother, and my sister. Will the Emperor of Germany close the dark catalogue, and doom my husband to a dungeon worse than death? Restore him, Sire, not to his army, to his power, to his influence, but to his

shattered health, his ruined fortunes,—to the affections of his fellow-citizens in America, where he is content to go and close his career,—to his wife and children.'

The Emperor is a humane man. He hears, considers, reasons, hesitates;—tells her 'his hands are tied,'* by reasons of state, and permits her to shut herself up, with her daughters, in the cells of Olmütz! There her health soon fails; she asks to be permitted to pass a month at Vienna, to recruit it, and is answered, that she may leave the prison whenever she pleases, but if she leaves it, it is never again to return. On this condition, she rejects the indulgence with disdain, and prepares herself to sink, under the slow poison of an infected atmosphere, by her husband's side. But her brave heart,—fit partner for a hero's,—bore her through the trial;—though the hand of death was upon her. She prolonged a feeble existence for ten years, after their release from captivity, but never recovered the effects of this merciless imprisonment.

The interposition of the friends of Lafayette in Europe and America, to obtain his release, was unsuccessful. On the floor of the House of Commons, General Fitzpatrick, on the 16th of December 1796, made a motion in his behalf. It was supported by Colonel Tarleton, who had fought against Lafay-

* This remark of the Emperor was the subject of severe reflection in the admirable speech, in which Mr. Fox endeavored to induce the British ministry to interfere for the liberation of Lafayette; for while the Emperor had given this reason for not releasing him, the British minister pleaded his inability to interfere with the internal concerns of the German Empire.

ette in America, by Wilberforce, and Fox. The speech of the latter is one of the most admirable specimens of eloquence, ever heard in a deliberative assembly. But justice remonstrated, humanity pleaded in vain. General Washington, then President of the United States, wrote a letter to the Emperor of Germany. What would not the Emperor afterwards have given, to have had the wisdom to grant the liberty of Lafayette to the entreaty of Washington! An advocate was at hand, who would not be refused. The Man of Destiny was in the field. The Archduke Charles, was matched against him, during the campaign of 1797. The eagles of Bonaparte flew from victory to victory. The Archduke displayed against him all the resources of the old school. But the days of strategy were over. Bonaparte stormed upon his front, threw his army across deep rivers, and burst upon his rear,—and annihilated the astonished Archduke in the midst of his manœuvres. He fought ten pitched battles in twenty days, drove the Austrians across the Julian Alps, approached within eleven days march of Vienna, and then granted the Emperor, just preparing for flight into the recesses of Hungary, the treaty of Campio Formio, having demanded in the preliminary conferences of Leoben, the release of Lafayette.* Napoleon was often afterwards heard to say, that in all his negotiations with foreign powers, he had never ex-

* Sir Walter Scott, by a somewhat singular inadvertence, states that Lafayette was released 19th December 1795, in exchange for the daughter of Louis XVI., afterwards Dutchess of Angoulême. Life of Napoleon, Vol. I. Ch. 13.

perienced so pertinacious a resistance, as that which was made to this demand. The Austrian envoys, at the French head-quarters, asserted that he was not in confinement in the imperial territories. But Bonaparte distrusted this assertion, and sent a former aid-de-camp of Lafayette to Vienna, to communicate directly with the Austrian minister on the subject. He was finally released on the 23d September 1797. But while his liberation was effected by the interference of the army of the Republic abroad, the confiscation and sale of the residue of his property went on at home.

Included in the general decree of outlawry, as an emigrant, Lafayette did not go back to France, till the directory was overturned. On the establishment of the consular government, being restored to his civil rights, though with the loss of nearly all his estates, he returned to his native country, and sought the retirement of Lagrange. He was indebted to Napoleon for release from captivity, probably for the lives of himself and family. He could not but see that all hope of restoring the constitution of 1791, to which he had pledged his faith, was over, and he had every reason of interest and gratitude, to compound with the state of things as it existed. But he never wavered for a moment. Bonaparte endeavored, in a personal interview, to persuade him to enter the senate, but in vain. When the question was submitted to the people of France, whether Bonaparte should be first consul for life, Lafayette gave his vote in the negative, in a letter to Napoleon, which has been

published. Of all the ancient nobility, who returned to France, Lafayette and the young Count de Vaudreuil were the only individuals, who refused the favors, which Napoleon was eager to accord to them. Of all to whom the cross of the legion of honor was tendered, Lafayette alone had the courage to decline it. Napoleon, either for want of true perception of moral greatness, or because the detestable servility of the mass of returning emigrants had taught him to think, there was no such thing as honor or independence in man, exclaimed, when they told him that Lafayette refused the decoration, 'What, will nothing satisfy that man, but the chief command of the National Guard of the empire?' Yes, much less abundantly satisfied him;—the quiet possession of the poor remnants of his estate, enjoyed without sacrificing his principles.

From this life nothing could draw him. Mr. Jefferson offered him the place of Governor of Louisiana, then just become a territory of the United States; but he was unwilling, by leaving France, to take a step, that would look like a final abandonment of the cause of constitutional liberty on the continent of Europe. Napoleon ceased to importune him, and he lived at Lagrange, retired and unmolested, the only man, who had gone through the terrible revolution, with a character free from every just impeachment. He entered it with a princely fortune;—in the various high offices which he had filled he had declined all compensation;—and he came out poor. He entered it, in the meridian of early manhood,

with a frame of iron. He came out of it, fifty years of age, his strength impaired by the cruelties of his long imprisonment. He had filled the most powerful and responsible offices; and others, still more powerful,—the dictatorship itself,—had been offered him; —he was reduced to obscurity and private life. He entered the Revolution, with a host of ardent colleagues of the constitutional party. Of those who escaped the guillotine, most had made peace with Napoleon; not a few of the Jacobins had taken his splendid bribes;—the emigrating nobility came back in crowds, and put on his livery; fear, interest, weariness, amazement, and apathy reigned in France and in Europe;—kings, emperors, armies, nations, bowed at his footstool;—and one man alone,—a private man, who had tasted power and knew what he sacrificed;—who had inhabited dungeons, and knew what he risked;—who had done enough for liberty, in both worlds, to satisfy the utmost requisitions of her friends, this man alone stood aloof in his honor, his independence,—and his poverty. And if there is a man in this assembly, that would not rather have been Lafayette to refuse, than Napoleon to bestow his wretched gewgaws; that would not rather have been Lafayette in retirement, and obscurity, and just not proscribed, than Napoleon with an emperor to hold his stirrup;—if there is a man, who would not have preferred the honest poverty of Lagrange to the bloody tinsel of St. Cloud;—that would not rather have shared the peaceful fireside of the friend of Washington, than have spurred his trium-

phant courser over the crushed and blackened heaps of slain, through the fire and carnage of Marengo and Austerlitz, that man has not an American heart in his bosom. That man is a slave, and fit to be the father of slaves. He does not deserve to breathe the pure air, to drink the cold springs, to tread the green fields, and hear the sabbath bells of a free country. He ought, with all his garters, ribbons, and stars upon him, to be bolted down, with a golden chain, to the blazing pavement of a palace court yard, that when his lord and master goes out to the hunt of beasts or of men, he may be there,—the slave,—to crouch down, and let his majesty vault from his shoulders to the saddle.

But the time at length arrived which was to call Lafayette from his retirement, and place him again,—the veteran pilot,—at the helm. The colossal edifice of empire, which had been reared by Napoleon, crumbled by its own weight. The pride, the interests, the vanity, the patriotism, of the nations, were too deeply insulted and wounded by his domination. In the ancient world,—or in the middle ages,—whose examples he too much studied, his dynasty would have stood for centuries. He would have founded an empire, as durable as that of Cesar or Mahomet, had he, like them, lived in an age, when there was but one centre of civilization, and when it was possible for one mighty focus of power, to draw into itself all the intelligence and capacity of the world. But the division of civilized man into several co-existing national systems,—all, in the

main, equally enlightened and intelligent,—each having its own pride,—its own patriotism,—its own public opinion,—created an obstacle too powerful for the genius of Napoleon ;—too strong for his arm ; too various, too widely complicated for his skill ;—too sturdy for his gold. Accordingly his mighty system went to pieces. The armies of insulted and maddened Europe poured down like an inundation on France. It was then that Lafayette appeared again upon the scene. His 'well known voice,' never silent when there was danger, and hope for the cause of liberty, is heard, clear and strong, amidst the tumult of invading armies and contending factions. When, after the disaster of Waterloo, Napoleon came back in desperation to Paris, and began to scatter dark hints of dissolving the representative chamber, repeating at Paris the catastrophe of Moscow, and thereby endeavoring to rouse the people of France to one universal and frantic crusade of resistance, Lafayette was the first to denounce the wild suggestion. He proposed a series of resolutions, announcing that the independence of the nation was threatened, declaring the chambers a permanent body, and denouncing the instant penalties of high treason against all attempts to dissolve it. The same evening he proposed, in the secret assembly of the council of state, the abdication of Napoleon. The subject was again pressed the following day ; but the voluntary act of the Emperor anticipated the decision. Thus, true to the cause, to which his life was sacred, Lafayette was found at the tribune, in the secret council, before the

assembled populace, and as the deputed representative of his distracted country in the camp of the invading enemy,—every where, in short, except where places of precedence were courted,—and money greedily clutched. Unhappily for France, all, who were thrown in the troubled state of the times to the head of affairs, were not of the same stamp. Men, who in the horrible national convention had voted for the death of Louis XVI.,—men, who had stimulated and executed the worst measures of Napoleon,—who had shot the arrows of his police in the dark, and whetted the glittering sabre of his conquests ; and now that he was in the dust, bravely trod upon his neck ; these were the instruments, the confidants, the favorites of the allied powers, and of the monarch whom they installed over reluctant France. There was of course, no place for Lafayette among men like these. He was not with them in the Revolution, and could not be with them in the Restoration. He was too old to make new acquaintances. There was room in the cabinet and palace of Louis XVIII. for men, that were stained with the best blood of France, not excepting his brother's ;—there was room for his grace the Duke of Otranto, room for his highness the Prince of Benevento ; but there was no room for the man to whom it was more than once owing, that his brother's blood and his own had not flowed together in the streets of Paris.

But when, under the Restoration, the representative system was established in France, there was a place, a fitting place, for him, at the tribune ; a faith-

ful representative of the People, a friend of liberty regulated and protected by law, an enemy of usurpation at home and abroad, not less than of the bloody reactions to which it leads. From his first appearance in the chamber, to the last hour of his life, he is found at his post, the able, the eloquent, the consistent champion of the principles, to which from his youth he had been devoted.

His re-appearance on the scene, as the active expounder and champion of Constitutional liberty, was not unobserved by the people of the United States. A generation had arisen, who had read the story of his services, and heard their fathers speak with affection of his person. They were anxious themselves to behold the friend of their fathers; and to exhibit to him the spectacle of the prosperity he had done so much to establish. A resolution passed the two houses of Congress unanimously, requesting the President to invite him to visit the United States. In conveying this invitation, Mr. Monroe informed Lafayette that the North Carolina ship of the line, was ordered to bring him to America. With characteristic modesty, he declined the offer of a public vessel, and with his son and secretary, took passage on board one of the packet ships, between New York and Havre. He arrived at New York on the 25th of August 1824, just forty years from the time of his landing in the same city, on occasion of his visit to the United States, after the close of the Revolutionary war.

You need not, fellow-citizens, that I should repeat

to you the incidents of that most extraordinary triumphal progress through the country. They are fresh in your recollection; and history may be searched in vain for a parallel event. His arrival in the United States seemed like the re-appearance of a friendly genius, on the theatre of his youthful and beneficent visitations. He came back to us from long absence, from exile and from dungeons, almost like a beloved parent rising from the dead. His arrival called out the whole population of the country to welcome him, but not in the stiff uniform of a parade, or the court dress of a heartless ceremony. Society, in all its shades and gradations, crowded cordially around him, all penetrated with one spirit,—the spirit of admiration and love. The wealth and luxury of the coast, the teeming abundance of the west;—the elegance of the town, the cordiality of the country;—the authorities Municipal, National, and State; the living relics of the Revolution, honored in the honors paid to their companion in arms; —the scientific and learned bodies, the children at the schools, the associations of active life and of charity; the exiles of Spain, France and Switzerland; —banished kings;—patriots of whom Europe was not worthy; and even the African and Indian;—every thing in the country, that had life and sense, took a part in this auspicious drama of real life.

Had the deputed representatives of these various interests and conditions been assembled, at some one grand ceremonial of reception, in honor of the illustrious visitor, it would, even as the pageant of a

day, have formed an august spectacle. It would even then have outshone those illustrious triumphs of Rome, where conquered nations and captive princes followed in the train, which seemed with reason almost to lift the frail mortal thus honored, above the earth, over which he was borne. But when we consider, that this glorious and purer triumph was co-extensive with the Union,—that it swept gracefully along, from city to city and from state to state,—one unbroken progress of rapturous welcome;—banishing feuds, appeasing dissensions, hushing all tumults but the acclamations of joy,—uniting in one great act of public salutation, the conflicting parties of a free people, on the eve and throughout the course of a strenuous contest,—with the *aura epileptica* of the canvass already rushing over the body politic,—that it was continued near a twelvemonth, an *annus mirabilis* of rejoicing, auspiciously commenced, successfully pursued, and happily and gracefully accomplished, we perceive in it a chapter in human affairs equally singular, delightful, instructive, and without example.

But let no one think it was a light and unreflective movement of popular caprice. There was enough in the character and fortunes of the man, to sustain and justify it. In addition to a rare endowment of personal qualities, sufficient for an ample assignment of merit, to a dozen great men of the common stamp,—it was necessary toward the production of such an effect on the public mind, that numberless high and singular associations should

have linked his name, with all the great public movements of half a century. It was necessary that, in a venerable age, he should have come out of a long succession of labors, trials, and disasters, of which a much smaller portion is commonly sufficient to break down the health and spirits, and send the weary victim, discouraged and heart-sick, to an early retreat. It was necessary that he should, in the outset, taking age, and circumstances, and success into consideration, have done that for this far distant land, which was never done for any country in the world. Having performed an arduous, a dangerous, an honorable and triumphant part in our Revolution,—itself an event of high and transcendent character,—it was necessary, that, pursuing at home the path of immortal renown on which his feet had laid hold in America, he should have engaged among the foremost, in that stupendous Revolution, in his own country, where he stood sad but unshaken, amidst the madness of an empire;—faithful to liberty when all else were faithless; true to her holy cause, when the crimes and horrors committed in her name made the brave fear and the good loathe it; innocent and pure in that 'open hell, ringing with agony and blasphemy, smoking with suffering and crime.' It was necessary to the feeling, with which Lafayette was received in this country, that the people should remember how he was received in Prussia and Austria; how, when barely escaping from the edge of the Jacobin guillotine at Paris, he was generously bolted down into the underground

caverns of Magdeburg; and shut up to languish for years, with his wife and daughter, in a pestiferous dungeon, by an emperor who had to thank him alone, that his father's sister had not been torn limb from limb, by the *poissardes* of Paris. It was necessary to justify the enthusiasm, with which Lafayette was welcomed to republican America, that when another catastrophe had placed the Man of Fate on the throne of France, and almost of Europe, Lafayette alone, not in a convulsive effort of fanatical hardihood, but in the calm consciousness of a weight of character which would bear him out in the step, should, deliberately and in writing, refuse to sanction the power, before which the contemporary generation quailed. When again the wheel of empire had turned, and this dreadful colossus was about to be crushed beneath the weight of Europe, (mustered against him more in desperation than self assured power,) and in falling dragged down to earth the honor and the strength of France,—it was necessary, when the dust and smoke of the contest had blown off, that the faithful sentinel of liberty should be seen again at his post, ready once more to stake life and reputation in another of those critical junctures, when the stoutest hearts are apt to retire, and leave the field to desperate men,—the forlorn hope of affairs,—whom recklessness or necessity crowds up to the breach. But to refute every imputation of selfishness,—of a wish to restore himself to the graces of restored royalty,—himself the only individual of continental Europe, within the reach of

Napoleon's sceptre, that refused to sanction his title,—it was necessary that he should be coldly viewed by the reappearing dynasty, and that he should be seen and heard,—not in the cabinet or the antechamber, swarming with men whom Napoleon had spangled with stars, but at the tribune: the calm, the rational, the ever consistent advocate of Liberty and Order, a representative of the People, in constitutional France. It was there I first saw him. I saw the Marshals of Napoleon, gorged with the plunder of Europe and stained with its blood, borne on their flashing chariot wheels through the streets of Paris. I saw the ministers of Napoleon filling the highest posts of trust and honor under Louis XVIII.; and I saw the friend of Washington, glorious in his noble poverty, looking down from the dazzling height of his consistency and his principles, on their paltry ambition and its more paltry rewards.

But all this,—much as it was,—was not all that combined to insure to Lafayette the respect, the love, the passionate admiration of the people, to whom he had consecrated the bloom of his youth;—for whom he had lavished his fortune and blood. These were the essentials, but they were not all. In order to give even to the common mind a topic of pleasing and fanciful contrast, where the strongest mind found enough to command respect and astonishment; in order to make up a character, in which even the ingredients of romance were mingled with the loftiest and sternest virtues, it was necessary that the just and authentic titles to respect which we

have considered, should be united in an individual, who derived his descent from the ancient chivalry of France;—that he should have been born within the walls of a feudal castle;—that the patient volunteer who laid his head contentedly on a wreath of snow, beneath the tattered canvass of a tent at Valley Forge, should have come fresh from the gorgeous canopies of Versailles; that he should abandon all that a false ambition could covet, as well as attain all that a pure ambition could prize; and thus begin life by trampling under foot that which Chatham accepted, which Burke did not refuse,—and for which the mass of eminent men in Europe barter health, comfort, and conscience.

Such was the man whom the Congress of the United States invited to our shores, to gather in the rich harvest of a people's love. Well might he do it. He had sown it in weakness, should he not reap it in power? He had come to us, a poor and struggling colony, and risked his life and shed his blood in our defence,—was it not just, that he should come again in his age, to witness the fruits of his labors, to rejoice with the veteran companions of his service, and to receive the benedictions of the children, as he had received those of the fathers?

But the delightful vision passes. He returns to France to reappear in the chamber of deputies, the still consistent champion of reform, both at home and throughout Europe. His extraordinary reception in the United States had given an added weight to his counsels, which nothing could withstand. It

raised him into a new moral power in the state :—an inofficial dictator of principle ; a representative of the public opinion of the friends of liberty in the whole world,—a personation of the spirit of reform. At the close of the sesssion of 1829, on occasion of a visit to the place of his birth, in the ancient province of Auvergne, his progress through the country was the counterpart of his tour through the United States. In the towns and villages on his way, he was received in triumph. Arches arose over his venerable head,—the population gathered round him at the festive board, and the language of the addresses made to him, and of his replies, was of startling significance. It was a moment, you may remember, in France, when the tide of reform seemed flowing backwards. Some of the worst abuses of the ancient *régime* were openly re-established. The ministry was filled with some of the most obnoxious of the emigrant nobility. The expedition to Algiers gave no small *éclat* to the administration, feeble and odious as it was ;—and on a superficial view it seemed, that the entire fruit of the immense sacrifices, which France had made for Constitutional Liberty, was about to be wrested from her. Such, I own, for a short time, was my own apprehension. But the visit of Lafayette to the south of France convinced me, that there was no ground for despondence. I saw plainly, that either by way of awakening the slumbering spirit of resistance, or because he saw that it was awakened and demanded sympathy and encouragement ; either to excite or guide the public

mind, the sagacious veteran was on the alert; and that language, such as he was daily addressing to the people,—received in willing ears,—was the award of fate to the administration. In some remarks, submitted to the public on the 1st of January 1830, I ventured to express myself, in the following manner:

'When we read, in the last papers from France, the account of the present state of things in that kingdom; when we notice the irresistible onset made upon the ministry and the visible perturbation of its ranks, it is impossible wholly to suppress the idea, that another great change is at hand. When we see the spontaneous movement of the people toward the person of Lafayette, the glowing zeal with which they have turned an excursion of business into another triumphant progress, strewing his way with honors, such as loyal France never paid to her most cherished princes, we cannot but think, that, in the language of the venerable Spanish priest at New Orleans, he is still reserved for great achievements. The feelings of men inspire their actions; public sentiment governs states; and revolutions are the out-breakings of mighty, irrepressible passions. It is in vain to deny, that these passions are up in France, and happy is it that they have concentrated themselves upon a patriot, whom prosperity has been as little able to corrupt, as adversity to subdue.' What was vague foreboding on the first of January, was history by the last of July. On that day, Charles X. and his family, who had learned nothing and forgotten nothing in thirty years

of banishment and exclusion, were on their way to the frontier, and Lafayette was installed at the Hôtel de Ville at the head of the National Guards,—at the head of a new Revolution.

At the head of a new Revolution? Not so. He lives, the fortunate man, to see the first Revolution,—emerging from years of abuse and seas of blood,—and approaching its peaceful consummation. A weak and besotted prince, who had attempted, by one monstrous act of executive usurpation, to repeal the entire charter, and had thus produced a revolt, in which six thousand lives were lost,—is permitted unmolested, and in safety, to leave the city, where, twenty-seven years before, his innocent brother had been dragged to the scaffold. A dynasty is changed, with the promptitude and order of an election. And when the critical period comes on, for the trial of the guilty ministers,—the responsible advisers of the measures, which had drenched Paris in blood,—Lafayette is able, by the influence of his venerable authority and the exercise of his military command, to prevent the effusion of blood, and save their forfeited lives.

In these, his successful efforts, to prevent the late revolution from assuming a sanguinary character, I own I cannot but think, that our revered Lafayette did as much for the cause of liberty, as by all his former efforts and sacrifices. There is nothing more efficacious, in reconciling men to the continued existence of corrupt forms of government, than the fear, that when once the work of revolution is under-

taken, blood of necessity begins to flow in torrents. It was the reign of terror which reconciled men to the reign of Napoleon,—and it is the dread of seeing its scenes reacted in Austria, in Prussia, and in Russia, which prevents the intelligence of those countries from engaging in earnest, in the work of radical reform.

In all the steps of the recent revolution in France, so long as there was responsibility to be assumed or danger to be braved, Lafayette was its leader. It is plain, from documents before the world, that he could have organized the government on the republican model, and placed himself at its head. Although, in refraining from this, it may be justly said, that he abstained from a course, for which his advanced age,—his pledged disinterestedness, —and the consistency of his whole life unfitted him; it is not the less true, that in deciding for a hereditary executive, with a legislature chosen by the people, or, in his own language, a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions, he acted up to the principles, with which he commenced his political course. There is as much truth as point in the remark ascribed to Charles X., on his way to the sea coast, 'that he and Lafayette were the only consistent men of the day.'

Born for mighty constitutional movements, for the support of great principles, to take the direction in critical junctures of affairs,—but absolutely insensible to the love of power or money, or the passion for place, Lafayette's functions were exhausted, as soon

as the new government was organized. He rë-created the National Guard, which he had called into being in 1789, and in which lay the germ of the victories of Napoleon,—placed a constitutional crown, without commotion or bloodshed, on the head of the Duke of Orleans,—and carried the government through the crisis of the trial of the ministers. Having performed these great services to the country,—and disdaining to enter into the petty politics, which succeed a great movement,—the scramble for office and the rivalries of small men,—he laid down his commission as Commander-in-chief of the National Guards, and confined himself to his duties, as a representative of the people, and to the exercise of his moral influence, as the acknowledged chief of the constitutional party on the continent of Europe.

In the course of the last spring, our beloved benefactor, in attending the funeral of a colleague in the Chamber of deputies, from long exposure to the dampness of the air and ground, contracted a cold, which settled on his lungs; and which, though deemed slight at first, gradually assumed a serious aspect. After a protracted struggle with the remains of a once vigorous constitution, the disease became alarming; but not, as was supposed, critical, till the 19th of May. On that day, by a mark of public sympathy never perhaps paid before to a private citizen, the Chamber of deputies directed their President to address a note to Mr. G. W. Lafayette, enquiring after the health of his venerable parent. At the time of this enquiry, the symptoms of the

disease were less alarming, but an unfavorable change soon took place; and, on the following day, the illustrious sufferer,—the patriarch of Liberty, died, in the 77th year of his age. He was buried, by his own direction, not within the vaults of the Pantheon,—not among the great and illustrious, that people the silent alleys of Père la Chaise,—but in a rural cemetery near Paris, by the side of her, who had shared his pure love of liberty, his triumphs, his dungeon, and his undying renown. In a secluded garden, in this humble retreat, beneath the shade of a row of linden trees, between his wife and his daughter, the friend of Washington and America, has lain down to his last repose.

I attempt not, fellow-citizens, to sketch his character. I have no space, no capacity, for the task. I have endeavored to run over,—superficially of necessity, the incidents of his life; his character is contained in the recital.

There have been those who have denied to Lafayette the name of *a great man*. What is greatness? Does goodness belong to greatness and make an essential part of it? Is there yet enough of virtue left in the world, to echo the sentiment, that

> 'T is phrase absurd, to call a villain great?

If there is, who, I would ask, of all the prominent names in history, has run through such a career, with so little reproach, justly or unjustly, bestowed? Are military courage and conduct the measure of greatness? Lafayette was entrusted by Washington with all kinds of service;—the laborious and complicated,

which required skill and patience, the perilous that demanded nerve;—and we see him keeping up a pursuit, effecting a retreat, out-manœuvring a wary adversary with a superior force, harmonizing the action of French regular troops and American militia, commanding an assault at the point of the bayonet; and all with entire success and brilliant reputation. Is the readiness to meet vast responsibility a proof of greatness? The memoirs of Mr. Jefferson show us, as we have already seen, that there was a moment in 1789, when Lafayette took upon himself, as the head of the military force, the entire responsibility of laying down the basis of the Revolution. Is the cool and brave administration of gigantic power, a mark of greatness? In all the whirlwind of the Revolution, and when, as Commander-in-chief of the National Guard, an organized force of three millions of men, who, for any popular purpose, needed but a word, a look, to put them in motion,—and he their idol,—we behold him ever calm, collected, disinterested; as free from affectation as selfishness, clothed not less with humility than with power. Is the fortitude required to resist the multitude pressing onward their leader to glorious crime, a part of greatness? Behold him the fugitive and the victim, when he might have been the chief of the Revolution. Is the solitary and unaided opposition of a good citizen to the pretensions of an absolute ruler, whose power was as boundless as his ambition, an effort of greatness? Read the letter of Lafayette to Napoleon Bonaparte, refusing to vote for him as Consul for life.

Is the voluntary return, in advancing years, to the direction of affairs, at a moment like that, when in 1815 the ponderous machinery of the French empire was flying asunder,—stunning, rending, crushing thousands on every side,—a mark of greatness? Contemplate Lafayette at the tribune, in Paris, when allied Europe was thundering at its gates, and Napoleon yet stood in his desperation and at bay. Are dignity, propriety, cheerfulness, unerring discretion in new and conspicuous stations of extraordinary delicacy, a sign of greatness? Watch his progress in this country, in 1824 and 1825, hear him say the right word at the right time, in a series of interviews, public and private, crowding on each other every day, for a twelvemonth, throughout the Union, with every description of persons, without ever wounding for a moment the self-love of others, or forgetting the dignity of his own position. Lastly, is it any proof of greatness to be able, at the age of seventy-three, to take the lead in a successful and bloodless revolution;—to change the dynasty,—to organize, exercise, and abdicate a military command of three and a half millions of men;—to take up, to perform, and lay down the most momentous, delicate, and perilous duties, without passion, without hurry, without selfishness? Is it great to disregard the bribes of title, office, money;—to live, to labor, and suffer for great public ends alone;—to adhere to principle under all circumstances;—to stand before Europe and America conspicuous for sixty years, in the most responsible stations, the acknowledged admiration of all good men?

But I think I understand the proposition, that Lafayette was not a great man. It comes from the same school, which also denies greatness to Washington, and which accords it to Alexander and Cesar, to Napoleon and to his Conqueror. When I analize the greatness of these distinguished men, as contrasted with that of Lafayette and Washington, I find either one idea omitted, which is essential to true greatness, or one included as essential, which belongs only to the lowest conception of greatness. The moral, disinterested, and purely patriotic qualities are wholly wanting in the greatness of Cesar and Napoleon ; and on the other hand, it is a certain splendor of success, a brilliancy of result, which, with the majority of mankind, marks them out as the great men of our race. But not only are a high morality and a true patriotism essential to greatness ; —but they must first be renounced, before a ruthless career of selfish conquest can begin. I profess to be no judge of military combinations ; but, with the best reflection I have been able to give the subject, I perceive no reason to doubt, that, had Lafayette, like Napoleon, been by principle, capable of hovering on the edges of ultra-revolutionism ; never halting enough to be denounced ; never plunging too far to retreat ;—but with a cold and well-balanced selfishness, sustaining himself at the head of affairs, under each new phase of the Revolution, by the compliances sufficient to satisfy its demands, had his principles allowed him to play this game, he might have anticipated the career of Napoleon. At three differ-

ent periods, he had it in his power, without usurpation, to take the government into his own hands. He was invited, urged to do so. Had he done it, and made use of the military means at his command, to maintain and perpetuate his power,—he would then, at the sacrifice of all his just claims to the name of great and good, have reached that which vulgar admiration alone worships,—the greatness of high station and brilliant success.

But it was of the greatness of Lafayette, that he looked down on greatness of the false kind. He learned his lesson in the school of Washington, and took his first practice, in victories over himself. Let it be questioned, by the venal apologists of time-honored abuses,—let it be sneered at by national prejudice and party detraction; let it be denied by the admirers of war and conquest;—by the idolaters of success,—but let it be gratefully acknowledged by good men; by Americans,—by every man, who has sense to distinguish character from events; who has a heart to beat in concert with the pure enthusiasm of virtue.

But it is more than time, fellow-citizens, that I commit this great and good man to your unprompted contemplation. On his arrival among you, ten years ago,—when your civil fathers, your military, your children, your whole population poured itself out, as one throng, to salute him,—when your cannons proclaimed his advent with joyous salvos,—and your acclamations were responded from steeple to steeple, by the voice of festal bells, with what delight did

you not listen to his cordial and affectionate words; —'I beg of you all, beloved citizens of Boston, to accept the respectful and warm thanks of a heart, which has for nearly half a century been devoted to your illustrious city!' That noble heart,—to which, if any object on earth was dear, that object was the country of his early choice,—of his adoption, and his more than regal triumph,—that noble heart will beat no more for your welfare. Cold and motionless, it is already mingling with the dust. While he lived, you thronged with delight to his presence, —you gazed with admiration on his placid features and venerable form, not wholly unshaken by the rude storms of his career; and now that he is departed, you have assembled in this cradle of the liberties, for which, with your fathers, he risked his life, to pay the last honors to his memory. You have thrown open these consecrated portals to admit the lengthened train which has come to discharge the last public offices of respect to his name. You have hung these venerable arches, for the second time since their erection, with the sable badges of sorrow. You have thus associated the memory of Lafayette in those distinguished honors, which but a few years since you paid to your Adams and Jefferson; and could your wishes and mine have prevailed, my lips would this day have been mute, and the same illustrious voice, which gave utterance to your filial emotions over their honored graves, would have spoken also, for you, over him who shared their earthly labors,—enjoyed their friendship,—and has

now gone to share their last repose, and their imperishable remembrance.

There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty, who has not dropped his head, when he has heard that Lafayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics,—every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright,—has lost a benefactor, a patron in Lafayette. But you, young men, at whose command I speak, for you a bright and particular lodestar is henceforward fixed in the front of heaven. What young man that reflects on the history of Lafayette,—that sees him in the morning of his days the associate of sages,—the friend of Washington,—but will start with new vigor on the path of duty and renown?

And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank and country and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness;—to the sanctity of plighted faith, to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your Revolutionary fathers, of your pilgrim sires, the great principle of the age, was the rule of his life: *The love of liberty protected by law.*

You have now assembled within these renowned walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love,—on the birth day of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded of old with the master voices of American renown. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place;—the temple worthy of the new name, which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson, which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites. Ye winds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom;—Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground;—Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days;—Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvass;—Speak, speak, marble lips, teach us THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW!

the spirited little corps of Juvenile Volunteers, formed in the rear of the procession, and equipped and marshalled with the precision of veterans. The military moved, right in front, with their arms at a shoulder, flags unfurled and drums not muffled, the officers with the hilts of their swords covered with crape, and the standards tied with crape at the top.

The whole line of the procession extended nearly a mile, comprising one thousand seven hundred persons by counting, but more probably, at least two thousand. The Firemen, with their badges, but without their apparatus, were the body next prominent after the Military, comprising nearly five hundred of the active young men of the city. Those who have been accustomed to associate the Firemen only with their appropriate dresses as such, had an opportunity on this occasion of seeing what sort of a body of young men it is, to whom the citizens are indebted for that security which renders the cry of fire a source of no alarm in this city, except to the immediate occupants of the place in flames.

The procession moved in the order designated in the papers. First came the body of five hundred of the Military; then the Committee of Arrangements ; the Lieutenant Governor, with the aids of the Governor, (who was unable to be present) ; Major General Macomb, the Commander-in-chief of the United States forces, who was present with his suite ; United States and State Senators, Representatives and Judges, among whom we observed the Hon. Senators Ewing of Ohio, and Mangum of North Carolina, Hon. Richard H. Wilde, representative from Georgia, Ex-President Adams, Messrs. Silsbee, Gorham, and Jackson, Members of Congress from this State, and Mr. Choate, of Salem. There was also a large number of invited strangers, including some of our own citizens, who bore an appropriate relation to the occasion. Among them were Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, and Mr. Joseph Russell of this city, by whose aid George Washington Lafayette was saved from proscription, and sent to this country during the French Revolution, while his father was confined in the prison of Olmütz ; an act for which Lafayette personally thanked them, after his re-

lease. Mr. Everett made a beautiful allusion to this affecting incident, in his funeral oration, as he did also, to Mr. Webster, who had been first invited by the young men to pronounce the eulogy.

A few of the veterans of the Revolution and members of the Cincinnati, made their venerable appearance in the procession. The body of Naval and Military officers of the United States, and of the State Militia, in full dress, was large, and made a fine appearance. The Mayor, and city authorities very generally turned out, and there was a numerous body of the clergy, and several French residents and Polish exiles, distinguished by the tri-colored cockade. The Massachusetts Horticultural Society, the Charitable Mechanic Association, the Medical Society, the Irish Charitable Association, the Young Men's Literary Association, and several other Mechanic Associations joined in the procession. Among them the Association of Tailors bore a large and splendidly painted banner, and there were a few other banners of the different Mechanic Societies. Fire Engine Company No. 18, bore a pedestal supporting the busts of Lafayette and Washington, under the French and American flags. We were gratified to notice in the procession a large body (more than a hundred) of the students of Harvard College, arranged by classes. After the Freshman class, came the corps of Young Volunteers, followed by a large number of pupils of the public schools. This arrangement had a very good effect.

When they arrived at the Hall, the Military formed a square, in beautiful style, through which the procession entered, Major General Macomb being received with the honors due to his rank. This movement of the escort was a beautiful evolution, and presented a spectacle that struck every one with admiration.

Faneuil Hall, when filled with the dense mass which occupied every inch of space within its spacious walls, presented a spectacle of moral grandeur. The dressing of the Hall was very appropriate and chaste. A heavy canopy was formed from the roof by hangings of black cloth, suspended from the centre to the capitals of the pillars and pilasters, which were also wound

with black; a festoon of black cloth running round the walls with hangings from the arches. The galleries were clothed in black broadcloth, relieved on the sides alternately by rich French and American flags, (for which the Committee were indebted to Commodore Elliott of the Navy Yard) and in front by the name of LAFAYETTE, in large silver letters, with a gilt spread eagle over the centre. The labor of this part of the arrangement devolved principally on Mr. R. G. Wait, of the Committee.

The platform, at the head of the Hall on the lower floor, was appropriated to the Boston Academy of Music, under the direction of Mr. Lowell Mason. A large organ, provided for the occasion, stood in the centre hung with crape, the top surmounted by a white urn, with flags on either side. Raised seats extending across the area of the Hall, with a railing in front, covered with black, formed the Orchestra, which contained nearly an hundred voices and instruments. The Portraits of Washington, Knox, &c., were dressed in black. In front of the organ, extending out into the Hall, was an elevated rostrum for the Orator, covered with a carpet, red and black, and hung with black drapery from the staging to the floor. On the rear of this platform the Orator and two chaplains were seated. At the right of the Orator, as he advanced in front to address the audience from the open stage, was placed a large plain column and pedestal, four feet high, supporting an excellent bust of Lafayette, which was loaned by Mr. Greenwood, of the New England Museum.

The effect of this bust, in giving an ideal presence to the scene, throughout the whole address of the Orator, was thrilling, especially at the close, when by a figure of speech, not less bold than it was successful and overpowering, he apostrophised first the canvass that bore the image of Washington, and then the bust of Lafayette—'*speak, speak, marble lips.*' It was a lesson of patriotism and love of virtue, impressed as it was by the Orator, himself a young man, upon the young men of Boston, that those who heard can never forget.

Extended either side from the rostrum to the galleries, were

seats fronting the main body of the audience, occupied by strangers, public officers, the Committee, &c. The whole area of the Hall, enclosed by railings enveloped in black, was occupied by seats without backs, as compact as they could be placed. The aisles and the spaces under the galleries, as also the area and the galleries, presented one dense mass of human heads. The effect was very imposing, especially when the whole audience rose in prayer, with as much solemnity and order as would have been observed in a church. The centre of the Hall presented a plane of upturned faces of men, which was extended to the walls on either side, in a gradual elevation under the galleries,—the galleries, with a corresponding elevation, being filled with ladies on each side, and the front occupied by the Military in a solid column. At the head of the Hall was the bust of Lafayette, as the most prominent object, the crowded seats on the elevated platform, and the choristers, the female portion of whom were dressed in uniform white, with black belts and neck chains.

The services commenced with a Dirge from Handel, 'Weep, Columbia weep, thy friend has fallen,' &c. which was followed by a prayer, sublime in thought and language, from Rev. Mr. Frothingham. A Requiem followed, written by Grenville Mellen, and composed by Lowell Mason. Then followed the Eulogy by Edward Everett, and a Hymn, written by Isaac McLellan, Jr. one of the Committee, and composed by G. J. Webb. The services were concluded by a benediction, from the Rev. Mr. Adams.

Of the Oration it is difficult to speak. Say what we can, those who heard it will think the commendation tame, and we know not how to spread upon paper that delightful enthusiasm with which all were carried away, imperceptibly but completely, as the Orator began with an unaffected modesty, that shrunk from the task, and then carried his audience along gradually through anecdote, narrative, illustration, history, philosophy, and the fervor of patriotism, up to the most impassioned eloquence; the whole chastened and adapted by a taste that left not a single rough, inharmonious or unfinished point in this

APPENDIX.

[The Committee of Publication, conceiving it desirable to preserve some record of the Commemoration, in a more permanent form than that of a newspaper, have subjoined the following notice, from the Boston Daily Advocate of September 8th.]

The Commemoration, on Saturday, the 6th of September, was one of the most beautiful and effective public observances ever witnessed in this city. The Young Men's Committee were aware that the scene was too remote in time and place from the death of Lafayette, to bring into the ceremony the external trappings of wo, as the prevailing order of the day. They therefore studied to get up the ceremony in a strict, and even severe taste, excluding ornament and mere pageant, and relying for the effect of the arrangements upon their substantial and appropriate simplicity and moral and martial associations. For these reasons, the led horse, the urn, the funereal hearse and coffin, which have attended the like commemorations in other cities, were excluded, as being, in effect, the mere mockeries of wo, wholly unsuited to the associations connected with the glorious life and fully ripened death of the good Lafayette.

In a word, the occasion was intended to be made a commemoration of the services and virtues of Lafayette, and not a day of mourning, as at the death of one who had been removed from a scene of usefulness, in the vigor of life and energy. The ceremonies, and all the externals of the day, were in appropriate keeping with this primary object of the Committee; and if they are entitled to approbation for having succeeded in renderdering the observances worthy the occasion, and of the spirit

in which they were selected to perform this service, by their immediate constituents, the young men of Boston, their success is to be attributed to their discrimination, in studying an intellectual and moral adaptedness, rather than mere pageant and exhibition.

The day was delightful, and the entire population of the city surrendered themselves to its hallowed influence. The most respectful deportment distinguished the crowds of people, comprising the best of our population, who were congregated at every point, and filled the windows and doors throughout the long route of the procession; nor was there known a single instance of excess, personal conflict, or even rudeness that occurred among the whole mass of population that were assembled together, and drawn into the streets by this occasion.

The procession began to form at the State House at ten o'clock; but with the most indefatigable exertions of the marshals and officers of the escort, the various bodies could not be placed in line and set in motion, until half past eleven. They then proceeded through Beacon, Tremont, Boylston, and Washington streets, to Rev. Mr. Motte's meeting house,—countermarched, and came down Washington, through State street and Merchant's Row, to Faneuil Hall.

The fine body of military formed the most prominent division of the long procession. There were eight companies in full dress, forming the Boston Regiment, under command of Colonel Smith, and four very neat and effective independent companies from the vicinity, viz: The Hingham Light Infantry and Rifle companies, the Middlesex Guards, and a company from Malden. The presence of these neat and well disciplined corps, was a great acquisition to the procession, and was highly gratifying to the committee of arrangements and the citizens generally.

The Military companies were all full, and together formed a regiment of upwards of five hundred effective men, who could not be approached in richness of equipments and exactness of discipline, by as large a body that could be mustered at any other point in the Union. Nor should we forget to mention

splendid and beautiful model of elocution. In no one effort do we think this accomplished scholar and orator has ever been so entirely successful as he was in his tribute to the virtues of the good Lafayette, both in diction and in manner. The latter had all the advantages of speaking from an open stage, with simply a table in the rear, on which the Orator's notes were placed, but to which he did not once recur throughout an address, that enchained the multitude to their seats, as though they were a part of them, for one hour and forty minutes. He might have held them an hour longer, for Napoleon never more completely commanded a large body of men by the force of military discipline, than did Mr. Everett by the resistless power of moral suasion. When he described the sufferings of Lafayette in the Austrian prisons, the devotion of his heroic wife, the meanness of the Emperor, his refusal to enlarge Lafayette on the earnest solicitation of Washington; and then took up the movements of the man of destiny, Napoleon, who was already in the field, sweeping the Austrian forces before him, and dictating to Francis, in his capital, the terms of peace, at the head of which stood the release of Lafayette! his audience were completely carried away with the spirit the orator had poured into them, and it was some moments before they could repress the ardor of applause. Nor was it less when he contrasted Lafayette with Napoleon, in all the simplicity of the former in his republican retirement at Lagrange, and the glory of the latter at Marengo and Austerlitz.

We cannot follow the Orator, and must leave those who heard to cherish the recollection, and those who did not, to read this splendid production. But those who read, cannot also be inspired with the genius of the place, and the grace of the manner which gave to mere words a living and breathing spirit.

REQUIEM.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

Breathe mournful music round!
In cypress wreathe your melancholy lyres,
And, as ye sweep them, yield the quivering wires
To sorrow's gushing sound!

Shadow your brows, and weep!
A nation's voice peals from the booming sea,
Grief's far, faint requiem, o'er the Great and Free,
Laid in his marble sleep.

He's passed within the veil;
And over him, in loud and long lament,
A world's wo breaks upon the firmament,
In farewell and in wail.

We hear an empire's tread;
A land, mid shade of banner and of plume,
Pours, from one mighty heart, above the tomb,
Its tribute to the dead.

One pulse is echoing there!—
The far-voiced clarion and the trump are still,
And man's crush'd spirit to the changeless *will*
Bows in rebuke and prayer!

Gather about his pall,
And let the sacred memory of years
That he made glorious, call back your tears,
Or light them as they fall!

HYMN.

BY ISAAC MC LELLAN, JR.

His race is run, his battle's o'er,
He leads the armies forth no more,
The booming gun, the tolling bell,
Have paid to him the last farewell!

He vanished like the glorious sun
When his appointed course is run:
Yet long a brilliant track of light
Marks where he melted from the sight.

His name, as passing years shall roll,
Shall brighter shine on glory's scroll;
Old age shall love to tell his fame,
And youth with reverence speak his name.

That name shall, like a beacon star,
From the dim past, cast light afar;
And o'er the future's rolling tide,
The star of Lafayette shall guide.

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